Love-Letters

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO HIS

SISTER:

Mixt with the

HISTORY

OF THEIR

ADVENTURES.

The Second Part, by the ſame Hand.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, and *Joſeph Hindmarſh*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhill*, 1693.

TO

Lemuel Kingdon, *Esq;*

SIR,

I Beg you will give me leave to express my Gratitude in some measure, for the Favours I have received of you, and to make an Acknowledgement where I cannot pay a Debt. 'Tis only what was long since design'd you, when possibly it might have found something a better welcome, by its having made (as then it must have done) a Voyage to have kiss'd your Hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in

some small degree to your Diversion, in a place where there is found so little—— In order to it I sent you the first part by one of your Officers, of which this is a Continuation. But being oblig'd to lay it by for other more material business, it has had the misfortune not to approach you till now, and to which Honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a value upon it to the World. And since I never was of a Nature to hoard any Good to my peculiar use, 'tis with great satisfaction I am, by this short character of you, distributing a Blessing to that part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unspeakable pow'r and pleasure in obliging; and 'tis a pain to the good-natur'd to conceal any thing, whose Communication may gratifie the World, and I am uneasie when a good Ma[illegible] is not as well

under-

understood by every body as by my self; and I boast that Honour here, with more Vanity than of any other Happiness. Tho' I know, I shall be censur'd by your Lovers for saying so little where so much is due: But since I write to the number that do not know you, rather than those that do, this will at least suffice to shew how fine a thing Man can be, so qualify'd and set out by nature for eternal esteem. For, Sir, there is in you something, besides the common Vertues of your Sex, so engaging, some Art in Nature so peculiar to your self, so insinuating into the Soul, that there is not found any thing so dull in Humankind as not to love, honour, and value you: Nor is that Man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongst those Phanatical Dispositions, whose principles and opinions are so distant from those Honest and Generous

ones of yours; at leaſt they love the Man tho' they rail at his Notions. eſteem the Perſon tho' they abominate the Loyalliſt; nor can I reflect on the excellency of your Temper, but I think you born to put the ill-natur'd World into good Humour. You are always eaſie without Affectation, merry without extravagance, generous, liberal, and good without vanity, ſedate and even without conſtraint, cheerful and calm as innocence, tho' the World ſtorm and reel with mad confuſion, ſtill from the ſerenity of your Looks we read the fair weather in your mind, which times or ſeaſons can never diſcompoſe, while all goes well with your King and Country. You have a greatneſs of Soul, which it ſeems as if fate durſt not oppreſs, and he who is ſo truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for Elbow-room, and who is ambitious of more

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than you poſſeſs, does but purchaſe an empty name at the expence of his Repoſe and Senſe, and leſſens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at noon is no wonder, but to ſee as great an illumination in a Star, tho' of the firſt magnitude, we gaze at with Admiration. Title (that Trifle which you can command when you pleaſe, and which 'tis far greater to merit than to wear,) ſerves rather to render Vice more apparent than to elevate the vertues. Heav'n has made you more truly happy, and has ſet no Bleſſing at too vaſt a diſtance for your reach; but has ſubdued even all your Wiſhes to your Pow'r, and left you almoſt nothing to ask: having ſuited your Fame and Fortune to the greatneſs of your Mind.

How ſoon at the choice of the moſt glorious Senate, that ever bleſt the Land, was your valu'd name ſnatch'd

by

by every glad and giving Voice, and made the Muſick of the happy Day, when black Excluſioners were juſtly damn'd from the Field, and only ſuch untainted Supporters of the Royal Cauſe, thought worthy to bear a part in ſo glorious a Concern, as Giving Cæſar his Due. *Here, Sir, you appear'd in your proper Sphere, diſperſing that darling vertue of your Soul, laviſhly giving, generouſly diſpoſing and dealing out according to your mighty Mind, and had the glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater ſatisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all things with a perfect good Grace, and even Buſineſs, that toyle of Life, you render ſoft and eaſie, and as if you alone were created to manage the Concerns of the world, you make buſineſs your pleaſure and diverſion, and laugh at thoſe that fatigue themſelves with mighty affairs,*

affairs, and who assume, like Trincilo, *a dull Gravity, to be esteem'd great, wise, and busie, while you discover only the best and noblest part of business, the effects of it, the rest, the Gentleman so handsomly conceals, we perceive it no more than Fairy Housewifery, which is still acted in the shades and silence of the night, when Mortals are asleep, and who find all fair and clean in the Morning, but cannot guess at the invisible Hand that did it. I am so good a Subject that I wish all his Majesty's work done by such hands, heads and hearts, so effectual and so faithful; and then we shall fear no more Rebellions, but every Man shall bask securely under his own Vine that has one—For my part I have only escap'd fleaing by the Rebels, to starve more securely in my own native Province of* Poetry, *tho' I am as well pleas'd at our late Victory, and*

the growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Commission by it, if I may have this Happiness added to it, of still retaining the Honour of your Friendship, and be still numbred in the Crowd of,

SIR,

Your most Obliged

Humble Servant,

A. B.

Love-

LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN TO HIS SISTER

The Second Part by the ſame Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

AT the end of the firſt Part of theſe Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea-Shore for the approach of the lovely *Silvia*; who accordingly came to him

dreſt like a Youth, to ſecure her ſelf from a Diſcovery. They ſtaid not long to careſs each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms with a tranſported joy bore her to a ſmall Veſſel, that lay ready near the Beach; where with only *Brilljard* and two Men-Servants, they put to Sea, and paſt into *Holland*, landing at the neareſt Port; where, after having refreſh'd themſelves for two or three days, they paſt forward towards the *Brill*, *Silvia* ſtill remaining under that amiable diſguiſe: but in their paſſage from Town to Town, which is ſometimes by Coach, and other times by Boat, they chanc'd one day to encounter a young *Hollander* of a more than ordinary Gallantry for that Country, ſo degenerate from good Manners and almoſt common Civility,

and

and ſo far ſhort of all the good qualities that made themſelves appear in this young Nobleman. He was very handſom, well made, well dreſt, and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he ſpoke admirable good French, and had a vivacity and quickneſs of Wit, unuſual with the Natives of that part of the World, and almoſt above all the reſt of his Sex: *Philander* and *Silvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Veſſel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any place there but amongſt the common crowd; which the Maſter of the Veſſel, who knew him, was much troubl'd at, and addreſt himſelf as civilly as he cou'd to *Philander* to beg permiſſion for one Stranger of quality

to dispose of himself in the Cabin for that day: *Philander* being well enough pleas'd, so to make an acquaintance with some of power of that Country, readily consented; and *Octavio* enter'd with an address so graceful and obliging, that at first sight he inclin'd *Philander*'s Heart to a Friendship with him, and on the other side the lovely person of *Philander*, the quality that appear'd in his Face and Mein oblig'd *Octavio* to become no less his Admirer. But when he saluted *Silvia*, who appear'd to him a Youth of Quality, he was extreamly charm'd with her pretty Gayety, and an unusual Air and Life in her Address and Motion, he felt a secret Joy and Pleasure play about his Soul he knew not why, and was almost angry that he felt such an emotion for a youth, tho' the most lovely that he ever

ver ſaw. After the firſt Compliments, they fell into Diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things: and if he were pleas'd at firſt ſight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charm'd by their Converſation, eſpecially that of the amiable Youth; who well enough pleas'd with the young Stranger, or elſe hitherto having met nothing ſo accompliſh'd in her ſhort Travels; and indeed deſpairing to meet any ſuch; ſhe put on all her Gayety and Charms of Wit, and made as abſolute a Conqueſt as 'twas poſſible for her ſuppos'd Sex to do over a Man, who was a great admirer of the other; and ſurely the lovely Maid never appear'd ſo charming and deſirable as that day; they din'd together in the Cabin; and after Dinner repos'd on little Matreſſes by each others ſide, where every Motion, every

Limb as careleſly ſhe lay, diſcover'd a thouſand Graces, and more and more enflam'd the now beginning Lover; ſhe cou'd not move, nor ſmile, nor ſpeak, nor order any charm about her, but had ſome peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneaſie; and from a thouſand little Modeſties both in her Bluſhes and Motions he had a ſecret hope ſhe was not what ſhe ſeem'd, but of that Sex whereof ſhe diſcover'd ſo many Softneſſes and Beauties; tho' to what advantage that hope wou'd amount to his Repoſe, was yet a diſquiet he had not conſider'd nor felt: Nor could he by any fondneſs between them or indiſcretion of Love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were allied; he only hop'd, and had no thoughts of Fear, or any thing that cou'd check his new beginning

ning flame. While thus they pass'd the Afternoon, they ask'd a thousand Questions, Of Lovers, Of the Country and Manners, and their Security and Civility to Strangers; to all which *Octavio* answer'd as a Man, who wou'd recommend the Place and Persons purely to oblige their stay; for now Self interest makes him say all things in favour of it; and of his own Friendship, offers them all the Service of a Man of Power, and who cou'd make an Interest in those that had more than himself; much he protested, much he offer'd, and yet no more than he design'd to make good on all occasions, which they receiv'd with an Acknowledgment, that plainly discover'd a Generosity and Quality above the common rate of Men; so that finding in each other occasions for Love and Friendship,

they mutually profeſt it, and nobly entertain'd it. *Octavio* told his name and quality, left nothing unſaid that might confirm the Lovers of his ſincerity. This begot a confidence in *Philander*, who in return told him ſo much of his Circumſtances as ſuffic'd to let him know he was a perſon unfortunate to have occaſion'd the diſpleaſure of his King againſt him, and that he cou'd not continue with any repoſe in that Kingdom, whoſe Monarch thought him no longer fit for thoſe Honours he had before receiv'd: *Octavio* renew'd his Proteſtations of ſerving him with his int'reſt and fortune, which the other receiving with all the gallant Modeſty of an unfortunate Man, they came a-ſhore where *Octavio*'s Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his Houſe, he offer'd his new Friends the beſt

of

of 'em to carry them to their Lodging, which he had often preſs'd might be his own Palace; but that being refus'd as too great an honour, he wou'd himſelf ſee them plac'd in ſome one, which he thought might be moſt ſuitable to their Quality; they excus'd the trouble, but he preſs'd too eagerly to be deny'd, and he conducted them to a Merchant's Houſe not far from his own, ſo Love had contriv'd for the better management of this new Affair of his Heart, which he reſolv'd to purſue, be the fair Object of what Sex ſoever: But after having well enough recommended 'em to the Care of the Merchant he thought it Juſtice to leave 'em to their reſt, tho' with abundance of Reluctancy; ſo took his leave of both the lovely Strangers, and went to his own home. And after

a haſty Supper got himſelf put to Bed: Not to ſleep; for now he had other Buſineſs: Love took him now to task, and ask'd his heart a thouſand Queſtions. Then 'twas he found the Idea of that fair unknown had abſolute poſſeſſion there: Nor was he at all diſpleas'd to find he was a Captive; his Youth and Quality promiſe his Hopes a thouſand Advantages above all other Men: but when he reflected on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his Charming Youth and Converſation, and every Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, diſordered, reſtleſs, angry, and out of Love with his own Attractions; conſider'd every Beauty of his own Perſon, and found 'em, or at leaſt thought 'em, infinitely ſhort of thoſe of his now fanſi'd Rival; yet 'twas a Rival that he cou'd not hate, nor did his paſſion

paſſion abate one thought of his Friendſhip for *Philander*, but rather more encreas'd it, inſomuch that he once reſolv'd it ſhou'd ſurmount his Love if poſſible, at leaſt he left it on the upper hand, till time ſhou'd make a better diſcovery. When tir'd with thought we'll ſuppoſe him aſleep, and ſee how our Lovers far'd. Who being lodg'd all on one Stair Caſe (that is *Philander*, *Silvia*, and *Brilljard*) it was not hard for the Lover to ſteal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Silvia*; no Fatigues of tedious Journeys and little Voyages had abated her Fondneſs or his Vigour; the night was like the firſt, all Joy! all Tranſport! *Brilljard* lay ſo near as to be a Witneſs to all their Sighs of Love, and little ſoft Murmurs, who now began from a Servant to be permitted as an humble Com-

panion

panion; since he had had the Honour of being married to *Silvia*, though yet he durst not lift his Eyes or Thoughts that way: yet it might be perceiv'd he was melancholy and sullen when e'er he saw their Daliances; nor cou'd he know the Joys his Lord nightly stole, without an Impatience; which if but minded or known perhaps had cost him his Life. He began from the Thoughts she was his Wife, to fancy fine Enjoyment, to fancy Authority which he durst not assume, and often wish'd his Lord wou'd grow cold as possessing Lovers do, that then he might advance his hope, when he shou'd ever abandon or slight her: He cou'd not see her kiss'd without blushing with Resentment, but if he has assisted to undress him for her Bed, he was ready to die with

with Anger, and wou'd grow ſick, and leave the Office to himſelf: He cou'd not ſee her naked Charms, her Arms ſtretch'd out to receive a Lover with impatient Joy without Madneſs; to ſee her claſp him faſt when he threw himſelf into her ſoft white Boſom, and ſmother him with Kiſſes: No, he cou'd not bear it now, and almoſt loſt his Reſpect when he beheld it, and grew ſawcy unperceiv'd. And 'twas in vain that he look'd back upon the Reward he had to ſtand for that neceſſary Cypher a Husband. In vain he conſider'd the Reaſons why, and the occaſion wherefore: he now ſeeks for Preſidents of uſurp'd Dominion, and thinks ſhe is his Wife, and has forgot that he's her Creature, and *Philander*'s Vaſſal. Theſe Thoughts diſturb'd him all the Night, and

a certain Jealouſie, or rather Curioſity to liſten to every Motion of the Lovers, while they were employ'd after a different manner.

Next Day it was debated what was beſt to be done as to their Conduct in that place: or whether *Silvia* ſhould yet own her Sex or not; but ſhe pleas'd with the Cavalier in her ſelf, begg'd ſhe might live under that diſguiſe. Which indeed gave her a thouſand Charms to thoſe which Nature had already beſtow'd on her Sex; and *Philander* was well enough pleas'd ſhe ſhould continue in that agreeable dreſs, which did not only add to her Beauty, but gave her a thouſand little Priviledges, which otherwiſe wou'd have been deny'd to Women, though in a Country of much Freedom. Every Day ſhe appear'd in the *Tour*, ſhe fail'd not

not to make a Conqueſt on ſome unguarded Heart of the fair Sex: Nor was it long e'er ſhe receiv'd *Billet Deux* from moſt of the moſt accompliſh'd who cou'd ſpeak and write *French*. This gave them a pleaſure in the midſt of their unlucky Exile; and ſhe fail'd not to boaſt her Conqueſts to *Octavio*, who every day gave all his Hours to Love, under the diſguiſe of Friendſhip, and every Day receiv'd new Wounds, both from her Converſation and Beauty, and every day confirm'd him more in his firſt belief, that ſhe was a Woman: and that confirm'd his Love. But ſtill he took care to hide his Paſſion with a Gallantry that was natural to him, and to very few beſides; and he manag'd his Eyes, which were always full of Love ſo equally to both, that when he was ſoft and fond it appear'd

appear'd more his natural Humour than from any particular Cauſe; and that you may believe that all the arts of Gallantry, and Graces of good Management were more peculiarly his than anothers, his Race was illuſtrious, being deſcended from that of the Princes of *Orange* and great Birth will ſhine through and ſhow it ſelf in ſpight of Education and Obſcurity: But *Octavio* had all thoſe Additions that render a Man truly Great and Brave; and this is the Character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this rate for ſometime they liv'd thus diſguis'd under feign'd Names. *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige 'em in the higheſt degree, and hardly any thing was talk'd of but the new and beautiful Strangers, whoſe Conqueſts in all places over

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the Ladies are well worthy, both for their Rarety and Comedy, to be related intirely by themselves in a Novel. *Octavio* every day saw with abundance of pleasure the little Revenges of Love on those Womens hearts who had made before little Conquests over him, and strove by all the gay Presents he made a young *Fillmond* (for so they call'd *Silvia*,) to make him appear unresistable to the Ladies; and while *Silvia* gave them new Wounds, *Octavio* fail'd not to receive 'em too among the Crowd, till at last he became a confirm'd Slave to the lovely Unknown; and that which was yet more strange, she captivated the Men no less than the Women, who often gave her *Serinades* under her Window, with Songs fitted to the Courtship of a Boy, all which added to

their

their Diverſion: But Fortune had ſmil'd long enough, and now grew weary of obliging, ſhe was reſolved to undeceive both Sexes, and let 'em ſee the errors of their love; for *Silvia* fell into a Feaver ſo violent that *Philander* no longer hop'd for her recovery, inſomuch that ſhe was oblig'd to own her Sex and take Women Servants out of decency. This made the firſt diſcovery of who and what they were, and for which every body languiſht under a ſecret Grief. But *Octavio* who now was not only confirm'd ſhe was a Woman, but that ſhe was neither Wife to *Philander*, nor cou'd in almoſt all poſſibility ever be ſo: That ſhe was his Miſtreſs, gave him hope that ſhe might one day as well be conquer'd by him; and he found her Youth, her Beauty, and her Quality, merited all his Pains of laviſh

viſh Courtſhip. And now there remains no more than the fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a diſcovery of his Paſſion, too violent now by his new Hope to be longer conceal'd, but Decency forbids he ſhou'd now purſue the dear deſign; he waited and made Vows for her recovery; viſited her, and found *Philander* the moſt deplorable Object that Deſpair and Love cou'd render him, who lay eternally weeping on her Bed, and no Coun'el or Perſwaſion cou'd remove him thence; but if by chance they made him ſenſible 'twas for her Repoſe, he wou'd depart to eaſe his Mind by new Torments, he wou'd rave and tear his delicate Hair, ſigh and weep upon *Octavio*'s Boſom, and a thouſand times begin to unfold the Story, already known to the

Generous

generous Rival; despair and hopes of pity from him, made him utter all: And one day, when by the Advice of the Physician he was forc'd to quit the Chamber to give her rest, he carried *Octavio* to his own, and told him from the beginning, all the Story of his Love with the charming *Silvia*; and with it all the Story of his Fate: *Octavio* sighing (tho' glad of the Opportunity) told him his Affairs were already but too well known, and that he fear'd his Safety from that Discovery, since the States had oblig'd themselves to harbour no declar'd Enemy to the *French* King. At this News our young Unfortunate shew'd a Resentment that was so moving, that even *Octavio*, who felt a secret Joy at the Thoughts of his departure, cou'd no longer refrain from Pity and Tenderness,

even

even to a Wish that he were less unhappy, and never to part from *Silvia*: But Love soon grew again triumphant in his heart, and all he cou'd say was, that he wou'd afford him the aids of all his Power in this Encounter; which with the acknowledgments of a Lover, whose Life depended on it, he receiv'd and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Council concerning him. While *Philander* return'd to *Silvia* the most dejected Lover that ever Fate produc'd; where he had not sigh'd away above an hour but he receiv'd a Billet by *Octavio*'s Page from his Lord; he went to his own Apartment to read it, fearing it might contain something too sad for him to be able to hold his Temper at the reading of, and which wou'd infallibly have disturb'd the repose of *Silvia*, who

shar'd

ſhar'd in every cruel Thought of *Philander*'s: when he was alone he open'd it, and read this.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Had rather die than be the ungrateful Meſſenger of News, which I am ſenſible will prove ſo fatal to you, and which will be beſt expreſs'd in feweſt Words: 'Tis decreed, that you muſt rerire from the United Provinces in four and twenty Hours, if you will ſave a Life that is dear to me and *Silvia*, there being no other Security againſt your being render'd up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all things from the aſſiſtance of,

From the Council,
Wedneſday,

Your Octavio.

Philander

Philander having finiſh'd the reading of this, remain'd a while wholly without life or motion, when coming to himſelf he ſigh'd and cry'd——*Why*——*farewell trifling Life*——*If of the two Extreams one muſt be choſen, rather than I'll abandon* Silvia, *I'll ſtay and be deliver'd up a Victim to incenſed* France——*'Tis but a Life*——*At beſt I never valu'd thee*——*And now I ſcorn to preſerve thee at the Price of* Silvia's *Tears!* Then taking a haſty turn or two about his Chamber, he pawſing, cry'd——*But by my ſtay I ruin both* Silvia *and my ſelf, her life depends on mine; and 'tis impoſſible hers can be preſerv'd when mine is in danger: by retiring I ſhall ſhortly again be bleſt with her ſight in a more ſafe Security; by ſtaying I reſign my ſelf poorly to be made a publick Scorn*

to

to France, *and the cruel Murderer of* Silvia. Now 'twas, after an hundred Turns and Pawſes intermixt which Sighs and Ravings, that he reſolv'd for both their ſafeties to retire; and having a while longer debated within himſelf how, and where, and a little time ruminated on his hard purſuing Fate, grown to a calm of Grief (leſs eaſie to be born than Rage) he haſts to *Silvia*, whom he found ſomething more cheerful than before, but dares not acquaint her with the Commands he had to depart—— But ſilently he views her, while Tears of Love and Grief glide unperceiveably from his fine Eyes, his Soul grows tenderer at every look, and Pity and Compaſſion joyning to his Love and his Deſpairs, ſet him on the wrack of Life, and now believing it leſs pain to die than

than to leave *Silvia*, reſolves to diſobey, and dare the worſt that ſhall befal him; he yet had ſome glimmering hope, as Lovers have, that ſome kind chance will prevent his going or being deliver'd up, he truſts much to the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, whoſe power, joyn'd with that of his Uncle, (who was one of the States alſo, and whom he had an Aſcendant over, as his Nephew and his Heir) might ſerve him; he therefore ventures to move him to Compaſſion by this following Letter.

Philander *to* Octavio.

I Know, my Lord, that the Exerciſe of Vertue and Juſtice is ſo innate to your Soul, and ſo fixt to the very Principle of a generous Commonwealths man that

where thoſe are in competition, 'tis neither Birth, Wealth, or glorious Merit, that can render the unfortunate condemn'd by you, worthy of your Pity or Pardon: Your very Sons and Fathers fall before your Juſtice, and 'tis Crime enough to offend, (tho' innocently) the leaſt of your wholſom Laws, to fall under the Extremity of their Rigour. I am not ignorant neither how flouriſhing this neceſſary Tyranny, this lawful Oppreſſion, renders your State; how ſafe and glorious; how ſecure from Enemies at home, (thoſe worſt of Foes) and how fear'd by thoſe abroad: purſue then, Sir, your juſtifiable Method, and ſtill be high and mighty, retain your ancient *Roman* Vertue, and ſtill be great as *Rome* her ſelf in her height of Glorious Commonwealths; rule your ſtubborn Natives by her excellent

Exam-

Examples, and let the heighth of your Ambition be only to be as ſeverely Juſt, as rigidly Good as you pleaſe, but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and diſpenſe a noble Charity to the diſtreſs'd, compaſſionate a poor wandring young Man, who flies to you for Refuge, loſt to his Native Home, loſt to his Fame, his Fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the knowledge of his Innocence to ſupport him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate Life, purſu'd every where, and ſafe no where; a Life whoſe only Refuge is *Octavio*'s Goodneſs; nor is it barely to preſerve this Life that I have recourſe to that only as my Sanctuary, and like an humble Slave implore you Pity: Oh, *Octavio*, pity my Youth, and interceed for my ſtay yet a little longer: Your ſelf

makes one of the illuſtrious number of the grave, the wiſe, and mighty Council, your Uncle and Relations make up another conſiderable part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a refuſal of your Juſt and Compaſſionate Application. Oh! what fault have I committed againſt you, that I ſhou'd not find a ſafety here; as well as thoſe charg'd with the ſame Crime with me, tho of leſs quality? Many I have encounter'd here of our unlucky Party, who find a ſafety among you: Is my Birth a Crime? Or does the greatneſs of that augment my guilt? have I broken any of your Laws, committed any Outrage? Do they ſuſpect me for a Spie to *France*? Or do I hold any Correſpondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I

deſign

deſign the ſubverſion of your glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with ſome offence, or your ſelves of injuſtice. Say, why I am deny'd my length of Earth amongſt you, if I die? Or why to breath the open Air, if I live, ſince I ſhall neither oppreſs the one, nor infect the other? but on the contrary am ready with my ſword, my youth, and Blood to ſerve you, and bring my little Aids on all occaſions to yours: and ſhou'd be proud of the Glory to die for you in Battle, who wou'd deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France*. Oh! where *Octavio* is the glory or vertue of this *Punctilio*, for 'tis no other? There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unneceſſary complement made *à Nemine contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing

but ill nature, and cannot redound to any ones advantage; an ill Nature that's levell'd at me alone; for many I found here, and many ſhall leave under the ſame circumſtances with me; 'tis only me whom you have mark'd out the Victim to attone for all: well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a ſafety for this unfortunate, at leaſt be ſo merciful to ſuſpend your Cruelty a little, yet a little, and poſſibly I ſhall render you the Body of *Philander*, tho' dead, to ſend into *France*, as the trophy of your fidelity to that Crown: Oh yet a little ſtay your cruel Sentence, till my lovely Siſter, who purſu'd my hard Fortunes, declare my Fate by her life or death; Oh, my Lord, if ever the ſoft Paſſion of Love have touch'd your Soul, if you have felt the unreſiſtable force of young charms about your heart,

if

if ever you have known a Pain and Pleasure from fair Eyes, or the transporting Joys of Beauty, Pity a Youth undone by Love and Ambition, those powerful Conquerors of the young. ——— Pity, oh Pity a Youth that dies, and will e'er long no more complain upon your Rigors. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim Reproaches of an angry Judg, without the soon consulted Arbitrary ——— Guilty! of a severe and hasty Jury, without the ceremony of the Scaffold, Ax, and Hang man, and the Clamors of inconsidering Crowds; all which melancholy Ceremonies render death so terrible, which else wou'd fall like gentle slumbers upon the eyelids, and which in Field I wou'd Encounter with that Joy I wou'd the sacred Thing I love! But oh,

I fear my Fate is in the lovely *Silvia* and in her dying Eyes you may read it, in her languiſhing Face you'll ſee how near it is approach'd. Ah! will you not ſuffer me to attend it there? by her dear ſide I ſhall fall as calmly as flowers from their Stalks, without regret or pain: Will you by forcing me to die from her, run me to a madneſs? to wild diſtraction? Oh think it ſufficient that I die here before half my Race of youth be run, before the light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a world of Glory! Alas, ſhe dies —— the lovely *Silvia* dies; ſhe is ſighing out a Soul to which mine is ſo intirely fix'd, that they muſt go upward together; yes, yes, ſhe breaths it ſick into my Boſom, and kindly gives mine its diſeaſe of death: let us at leaſt then die

in silent, quitted; and if it please Heaven to restore the languish'd Charmer, I will resign my self up to all your rigorous Honour; only let me bear my Treasure with me, while we wander o'er the World to seek us out a safety in some part of it, where Pity and Compassion is no Crime; where Men have tender Hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where Politicks are not all the business of the powerful, but where Civility and good nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you'll wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my stay than Love, or the Griefs and Tears of a languishing Maid: But oh! they are such Tears as every drop wou'd ransom Lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming Eyes can be valu'd at a less rate! In pity to her, to me, and your Amo-

rous Youths, let me bear her hence: For ſhou'd ſhe look abroad as her own Sex, ſhou'd ſhe appear in her natural and proper Beauty, alaſs they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the weakneſs of this Confeſſion, and which I make with more Glory than cou'd I boaſt my ſelf Lord of all the Univerſe: If it appear a fault to the more grave and wiſe, I hope my youth will plead ſomething for my excuſe. Oh ſay, at leaſt, 'twas pity that Love had the Aſcendant over *Philander*'s Soul, ſay 'twas his Deſtiny, but ſay withal, that it put no ſtop to his advance to Glory; rather it ſet an Edge upon his Sword, and gave Wings to his Ambition! —Yes, try me in your Councils, prove me in your Camps, place me in any hazard——— But give me Love! and leave me to wait the Life or

Death

Death of *Silvia*, and then diſpoſe as you pleaſe,

My Lord,

Of Your Unfortunate

Philander.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Am much concern'd that a Requeſt ſo reaſonable as you have made, will be of ſo little force with theſe Arbitrary Tyrants of State; and tho you have addreſt and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid number, (though without one grain of their formalities, and I hope age, which renders us leſs Gallant, and more envious of the joys and liberties of youth

youth, will never reduce me to ſo dull and thoughtleſs a Member of State) yet I have ſo ſmall and ſingle a portion of their Power, that I am aſham'd of my incapacity of ſerving you in this great Affair. I bear the Honour and the Name, 'tis true, of glorious Sway; but I can boaſt but of the worſt and moſt impotent part of it, the Title only; but the buſie, abſolute, miſchievous Politician, finds no room in my Soul, my humour, or conſtitution; and plodding reſtleſs Power I have made ſo little the buſineſs of my gayer, and more careleſs youth, that I have even loſt my right of Rule, my ſhare of Empire amongſt them. That little power (whoſe unregarded loſs I never bemoan'd till it render'd me uncapable of ſerving *Philander*) I have ſtretch'd to the utmoſt bound for your ſtay; inſomuch

that

that I have receiv'd many reproaches from the wiſer Coxcombs, have had my Youths little Debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (diſadvantageous) from my Friendſhip to you; a Friendſhip, which, my Lord, at firſt ſight of you, found a being in my Soul, and which your Wit, your Goodneſs, your Greatneſs, and your Misfortunes has improv'd to all the degrees of it: Tho I am infinitely unhappy that it proves of no uſe to you here, and that the greateſt Teſtimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your approaching danger, and haſten your departure, for there is no ſafety in your ſtay. I juſt now heard what was decreed againſt you in Council, which no pleading nor eloquence of Friendſhip had force enough to evade. Alas, I had but one ſingle Voice in the number,

which

which I ſullenly and ſingly gave, and which unregarded paſt. Go then, my Lord, haſte to ſome place where good Breeding and Humanity reigns: Go and preſerve *Silvia*, in providing for your own Safety; and believe me, till ſhe be in a Condition to purſue your Fortunes, I will take ſuch care that nothing ſhall be wanting, to her recovery here, in order to her following after you. I am, alas, but too ſenſible of all the pains you muſt endure by ſuch a ſeparation; for I am neither inſenſible, nor uncapable of Love, or any of its violent Effects: Go then, my Lord, and preſerve the lovely Maid in your Flight, ſince your ſtay and danger will ſerve but to haſten on her death: Go, and be ſatisfied ſhe ſhall find a Protection ſuitable to her

her Sex, her Innocence, her Beauty, and her Quality; and that where ever you fix your ſtay, ſhe ſhall be reſign'd to your Arms by, my Lord,

Your Eternal Friend,
and Humble Servant,
Octavio.

Leaſt in this ſudden remove you ſhou'd want Money, I have ſent you ſeveral Bills of Exchange to what place ſoever you arrive, and what you want more (make no ſcruple to uſe me as a Friend) and command.

After this Letter, finding no Hopes; but on the contrary a dire neceſſity of departing, he told *Brilljard* his Misfortune, and ask'd his Counſel in this extremity of Affairs. *Brilljard* (who of a Servant was become

a

a Rival) you may believe, gave him ſuch advice as might remove him from the Object he ador'd. But after a great deal of diſſembl'd trouble, the better to hide his joy, he gave his advice for his going with all the Arguments that appear'd reaſonable enough to *Philander*. And at every period urg'd that his life being dear to *Silvia*, and on which hers ſo immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate, but haſten his Flight: To all which Counſel our Amorous *Hero*, with a Soul ready to make its way thro' his trembling Body, gave a ſighing unwilling Aſſent. 'Twas now no longer a Diſpute, but was concluded he muſt go, but how was only the queſtion. How ſhou'd he take his Farewel? How ſhou'd he bid adieu, and leave the dear Object of his Soul in an Eſtate ſo hazardous?

He

He form'd a thouſand ſad Ideas to torment himſelf with; fancying he ſhou'd never ſee her more, that he ſhou'd hear that ſhe was dead, tho' now ſhe appear'd on this ſide of the Grave, and had all the ſigns of a declining Diſeaſe. He fanſy'd Abſence might make her cold, and abate her paſſion to him; that her powerful Beauty might attract Adorers, and ſhe being but a Woman, and no part Angel but her Form, 'twas not expected ſhe ſhou'd want her Sexes Frailties. Now he cou'd conſider how he had won her, how by importunity and opportunity ſhe had at laſt yielded to him, and therefore might to ſome new Gameſter, when he was not by to keep her Heart in continual play: Then 'twas that all the deſpair of jealous Love, the throbs and piercing of a violent paſſion ſeiz'd his timorous and

tender

tender Heart, he fansy'd her already in some new Lovers Arms, and ran o'er all the soft Enjoyments he had had with her; and fansy'd with tormenting thought, that so another wou'd possess her: till rackt with Tortures, he almost fainted on the *Repose* on which he was set: But *Brilliard* rous'd and endeavour'd to convince him, told him he hop'd his Fear was needless, and that he would take all the watchful care imaginable of her Conduct, be a spy upon her Vertue, and from time to time give him notice of all that shou'd pass: Bid him consider her Quality, and that she was no common Mistress, whom hire cou'd lead astray; and that if from the violence of her Passion, or her more severe Fate, she had yielded to the most charming of Men, he ought as little to imagine she cou'd be

again

again a Lover, as that she cou'd find an Object of equal Beauty with that of *Philander*. In fine, he sooth'd and flatter'd him into so much ease, that he resolves to take his leave for a day or two under pretence of meeting and consulting with some of the rebel Party; and that he wou'd return again to her by that time it might be imagin'd her Feaver might be abated, and *Silvia* in a condition to receive the news of his being gone for a longer time, and to know all his Affairs. While *Brilliard* prepar'd all things necessary for his departure, *Philander* went to *Silvia*; from whom, having been absent two tedious Hours, she caught him in her Arms with a transport of Joy, reproach'd him with want of Love, for being absent so long: But still the more she spoke soft sighing Words of

Love

Love, the more his Soul was ſeiz'd with Melancholy. His ſighs redoubl'd, and he cou'd not refrain from letting fall ſome Tears upon her Boſom——— Which *Silvia* perceiving with a look and a trembling in her Voice, that ſpoke her fear, ſhe cry'd, oh *Philander!* theſe are unuſual Marks of your Tenderneſs. Oh tell me, tell me quickly, what they mean. He anſwer'd with a ſigh, and ſhe went on——'Tis ſo, I am undone, 'tis your loſt Vows, your broken Faith you weep; yes, *Philander*, you find the Flower of my Beauty faded, and what you lov'd before you pity now, and theſe be the Effects of it. Then ſighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her Neck, he cry'd by Heaven, by all the Powers of Love, thou art the ſame dear Charmer that thou wert; then preſſing her

her body to his Boſom, he ſigh'd a new as if his heart were breaking —— I know (ſays ſhe) *Philander* there's ſome hidden cauſe that gives theſe Sighs their way, and that dear face a paleneſs. Oh tell me all; for ſhe that cou'd abandon all for thee, can dare the worſt of Fate: If thou muſt quit me —— Oh *Philander*, if it muſt be ſo, I need not ſtay the lingring death of a feeble Feaver: I know a way more noble and more ſudden. Pleas'd at her reſolution, which almoſt deſtroy'd his Jealouſie and Fears, a thouſand times he kiſs'd her, mixing his grateful Words and Thanks with Sighs; and finding her fair Hands (which he put often to his mouth) to encreaſe their Fires, and her pulſe to be more high and quick, fearing to relapſe her into her (abating) Feaver he forc'd a

ſmile

ſmile, and told her, he had no Griefs, but what ſhe made him feel; no torments but her ſickneſs, nor ſighs but for her pain, and left nothing unſaid, that might confirm her he was ſtill more and more her Slave; and concealing his Deſign in favour of her Health, he ceas'd not vowing and proteſting, till he had ſettled her in all the tranquillity of a recovering Beauty. And, as ſince her firſt Illneſs he had never departed from her Bed, ſo now this night he ſtrove to appear in her Arms with all that uſual Gayety of Love that her condition wou'd permit, or his Circumſtances cou'd feign, and leaving her aſleep at Day-break (with a force upon his Soul that cannot be conceiv'd) but by parting Lovers, he ſtole from her Arms and retiring to his Chamber,

he

he soon got himself ready for his Flight, and departed. We will leave *Silvia*'s Ravings to be expres'd by none but her self, and tell you that after about Fourteen Days Absence *Octavio* receiv'd this Letter from *Philander*.

Philander *to* Octavio.

BEing safely arrived at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky Adventure lodg'd in the House of the best Quality in the Town, I find my self much more at ease than I thought it possible to be without *Silvia*, from whom I am nevertheless impatient to hear; I hope absence appears not so great a Bugbear to her as 'twas imagin'd: For I know not what Effects it wou'd have

have on me to hear her Griefs exceeded a few ſighs and tears: thoſe my kind abſence has taught me to allow and bear without much pain: But ſhould her Love tranſport her to extreams of Rage and deſpair, I fear I ſhou'd quit my ſafety here, and give her the laſt proof of my Love and my Compaſſion, throw my ſelf at her Feet, and expoſe my live to preſerve hers. Honour wou'd oblige me to't. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendſhip you have vow'd me, (and which I no longer doubt,) let me ſpeedily know how ſhe bears my abſence, for on that knowledge depends a great deal of the ſatisfaction of my life, carry her this incloſ'd which I have writ her, and ſoften my ſilent departure, which poſſibly may appear rude and unkind, plead my pardon, and give her the Sto-

ry

ry of my neceſſity of offending, which none can ſo well relate as your ſelf; and from a Mouth ſo eloquent, to a Maid ſo full of Love, will ſoon reconcile me to her heart. With her Letter I ſend you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as alſo thoſe Bills I receiv'd of you at my departure, having been ſupply'd by an *Engliſh* Merchant here, who gave me credit. 'Twill be an Age till I hear from you, and receive the news of the health of *Silvia*: Than which two Bleſſings nothing will be more welcom to,

Collen. Generous *Octavio*,

Your *Philander*

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant *Vander Hanskin*.

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere is no way left to gain my *Silvia*'s Pardon, for leaving her, and leaving her in such Circumstances, but to tell her 'twas to preserve a life which I believ'd entirely dear to her, but that unhappy Crime is too severely punish'd by the cruelties of my Absence: Believe me, lovely *Silvia*, I have felt all your Pains, I have burnt with your Feaver, and sigh'd with your oppressions; say, Has my Pain abated yours? Tell me, and hasten my Health by the assurance of your recovery, or I have fled in vain from those dear Arms to save a Life, of which I know not what account to give you, till I receive from you the knowledge of your perfect Health,

the

the true ſtate of mine. I can only ſay I ſigh, and have a ſort of a being in *Collen*, where I have ſome more aſſurance of Protection than I cou'd hope from thoſe int'reſted Brutes, who ſent me from you; yet brutiſh as they are, I know thou art ſafe from their clowniſh Outrages. For were they ſenſleſs as their Fellow-Monſters of the Sea, they durſt not prophane ſo pure an Excellence as thine; the ſullen Boars wou'd jouder out a welcome to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful Beauty, tho they want the tender Senſe to know to what uſe 'twas made. Or if I doubted their Humanity, I cannot the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, ſince he has given me too good a proof of it to leave me any fear, that he has not in my Abſence purſu'd thoſe generous Sentiments for *Silvia*, which he vow'd to *Philander*, and of which the

first Proof must be his relating the neceſſity of my Abſence, to ſet me well with my adorable Maid, who, better than I can inform her; and that I rather choſe to quit you only for a ſhort ſpace, than reduce my ſelf to the neceſſity of loſing you eternally. Let the ſatisfaction this ought to give you, retrieve your Health and Beauty, and put you into a condition of reſtoring to me all my Joys. That by purſuing the Dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greateſt Happineſs on Earth to the Arms of

Your *Philander*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Affairs here are yet ſo unſettl'd, that I can take no order for your

your coming to me, but as ſoon as I know where I can fix with ſafety, I ſhall make it my buſineſs and my happineſs: Adieu. Truſt *Octavio* with your Letters only.

This Letter *Octavio* would not carry himſelf to her, who had omitted no day, ſcarce any hour, wherein he ſaw not or ſent not to the charming *Silvia*; but he found in that which *Philander* had writ to him, an Air of coldneſs, altogether unuſual with that paſſionate Lover, and infinitely ſhort in point of tenderneſs to thoſe he had formerly ſeen of his, and from what he had heard him ſpeak; ſo that he no longer doubted (and the rather becauſe he hop'd it) but that *Philander* found an abatement of that heat, which was wont to inſpire at a more Amorous rate; this appearing de-

clenſion he cou'd not conceal from *Silvia*, at leaſt to let her know he took notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick ſighted and ſenſible to paſs it unregarded; but he with reaſon thought, that when ſhe ſhou'd find others obſerve the little ſlight ſhe had put on her, her Pride (which is natural to Women in ſuch Caſes) would decline and leſſen her Love, for his Rival. He therefore ſent his Page with the Letters inclos'd in this from himſelf.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

FRom a little neceſſary debauch I made laſt night with the Prince, I am forc'd to employ my Page in thoſe Duties I ought to have perform'd my ſelf: He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*,

Philander, as mine which I have alſo ſent you informs me; I ſhou'd elſe have doubted it; 'tis, I thing, his Character, and all he ſays of *Octavio* confeſſes the Friend, but where he ſpeaks of *Silvia* ſure he diſguiſes the Lover: I wonder the Mask ſhou'd be put on now to me, to whom before he ſo frankly diſcover'd the Secrets of his Amorous Heart. 'Tis a Myſtery I would fain perſwade my ſelf he finds abſolutely neceſſary to his Intereſt, and I hope you will make the ſame favourable Conſtructions of it, and not impute the leſſen'd zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Silvia* to any poſſible change or coldneſs, ſince I am but too fatally ſenſible, that no Man can arrive at the Glory of being belov'd by you, that had ever power to ſhorten one Link of that dear

chain that holds him, and you need but ſurvey that adorable Face, to confirm your Tranquility; ſet a juſt value on your Charms, and you need no Arguments to ſecure your everlaſting Empire, or to eſtabliſh it in what Heart you pleaſe. This fatal Truth I learnt from your fair Eyes, e'er they diſcover'd to me your Sex, and you may as ſoon change to what I then believ'd you, as I from adoring what I now find you: If all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languiſh for you, love on, even without Hope, and die, what muſt *Philander* pay you, who has the mighty Bleſſing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the hours of amorous Youth Sacred, Glad, and Triumphant? But you know the conquering power of your

your Charms too well to need either this daring Confeſſion, or a defence of *Philander*'s Vertue from,

Madam,

Your Obedient Slave,

Octavio.

Silvia had no ſooner read this with Bluſhes, and a thouſand fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Philander*'s Letters both to *Octavio* and to her ſelf, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul, ſhe cry'd —— *How* —— *ſlighted* ! *and muſt* Octavio *ſee it too: By Heaven, if I ſhou'd find it true, he ſhall not dare to think it* ; then with a generous Rage ſhe broke open *Philander*'s Letter ; and which ſhe ſoon perceiv'd did but too well prove the truth of

Octavio's Suſpicion, and her own Fears. She repeated it again and again, and ſtill ſhe found more cauſe of grief and anger; Love occaſion'd the firſt, and Pride the laſt: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Silvia*, 'twas hard to gueſs which had the Aſcendant: She conſider'd *Octavio* to all the Advantages that Thought cou'd conceive in one who was not a Lover of him; ſhe knew he merited a Heart, tho ſhe had none to give him, ſhe found him Charming without having a tenderneſs for him, ſhe found him young and amorous without deſire towards him, ſhe found him great, rich, powerful and generous, without deſigning on him, and tho ſhe knew her Soul free from all Paſſion, but that for *Philander*, nevertheleſs ſhe bluſht and was angry, that he had thoughts

no

no more advantageous to the power of those Charms, which she wish'd might appear to him above her Sex, it being natural to Women to desire Conquests, tho they hate the conquer'd; to glory in the Triumph, tho they despise the Slave: And she believ'd, while *Octavio* had so poor a sense of her beauty as to believe it cou'd be forsaken, he would adore it less: And first, to satisfie her Pride, she left the softer business of her heart to the next tormenting hour, and sent him this careless answer by his Page, believing if she appear'd too angry it might look as if she valu'd his Opinion, and therefore dissembled her Thoughts, as Women in those Cases ever do, who when most angry seem the most Galliard, especially when they have need of the friendship of those they flatter.

Sil-

Silvia *to* Octavio.

IS it indeed, *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or wou'd you make that a pretext to the declaration of your own Paſſion; we *French* Ladies are not ſo nicely ty'd up to the formalities of vertue, but we can hear Love at both Ears; and if we receive not the Addreſſes of both, at leaſt we are perhaps vain enough not to be diſpleas'd, to find we make new Conqueſts. But you have made your Attack with ſo ill conduct, that I ſhall find force enough without more Aids to repulſe you. Alas, my Lord, did you believe my Heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thouſand little Gods to defend it, of no leſs power than himſelf; young Deities,

ties who laugh at all your little Arts and Treacheries, and ſcorn to reſign their Empire to any feeble Cupids you can draw up againſt 'em: Your thick foggy Air breeds *Loves* too dull and heavy for noble flights, nor can I ſtoop to them. The Flemiſh Boy wants Arrows keen enough for Hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too lazy and remiſs, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle ſends him to his Bed of Moſs, where he ſleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid your ſelf, my Lord, (by this purſuit of your diſcover'd Love) for all the little Friendſhip you have rendred me? How well you have explain'd, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judge the firſt by the laſt: Had you been thus obſtinate in your Paſſion before

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Philander went, or you had believ'd me abandon'd, I ſhould perhaps have thought, that you had lov'd indeed, becauſe I ſhould have ſeen you durſt, and ſhould have believ'd it true, becauſe it ran ſome hazards for me, the reſolution of it would have reconcil'd me then to the temerity of it, and the greateſt demonſtration you cou'd have given of it, wou'd have been the danger you would have ran and contemned; and the preference of your Paſſion above any other conſideration. This, my Lord, had been generous, and like a Lover, but poorly thus to ſet upon a ſingle Woman in the diſguiſe of a Friend, in the dark ſilent melancholy hour of abſence from *Philander*, then to ſurpriſe me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for hearts! it was not like *Octavio*, that *Octavio Philander* made his Friend, and for whoſe

whose dear sake, my Lord, I will no further reproach you, but from a goodness, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an Offence, which your ill-timing has render'd almost inexcusable; and expect you will for the future consider better how you ought to treat

SILVIA.

As soon as she had dismiss'd the Page, she hasted to her business of Love, and again read over *Philander's* Letter, and finds still new occasion for fear; she had recourse to pen and paper for a relief of that Heart which no other way cou'd find it; and after having wip'd the Tears from her Eyes, she writ this following Letter.

Silvia to Philander.

YES, *Philander*, I have receiv-ed your Letter, and but I found my name there, ſhou'd have hop'd it was not meant for *Silvia*: Oh! 'tis all cold—Short—Short and cold as a dead Winter's day. It chill'd my blood, it ſhiver'd every vein. Where, oh where haſt thou laviſh'd out all thoſe ſoft Words ſo natural to thy Soul, with which thou us'd to charm; ſo tun'd to the dear muſick of thy voice? what is become of all the tender things, which, as I us'd to read, made little nimble pantings in my heart, my bluſhes riſe, and tremblings in my blood, adding new fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty Flatteries of Love, that made me fond, and vain, and ſet a value on this trifling Beauty? Haſt thou

thou forgot thy wondrous Art of loving? Thy pretty cunnings, and thy ſoft deceivings? Haſt thou forgot 'em all? Or haſt forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy induſtrious paſſion gather'd all the ſweets, and left the rifled flower to hang its wither'd head, and die in ſhades neglected? for who will prize it now, now, when all its perfumes are fled? Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! was't not enough, you left me like falſe *Theſeus* on the ſhore, on the forſaken ſhore, departed from my fond, my claſping Arms; where I believ'd you ſafe, ſecure, and pleas'd, when ſleep and night, that favour'd you, and ruin'd me, had render'd 'em incapable of their dear loſs? Oh was it not enough, that when I found 'em empty and abandon'd, and the place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling Boſom unpoſſeſt

poſſeſs'd of that dear load it bore, that I almoſt expired with my firſt Fears: Oh, if *Philander* lov'd, he wou'd have thought that cruelty enough, without the ſad Addition of a growing coldneſs: I wak'd, I miſs'd thee, and I call'd aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander*! But no *Philander* heard; then drew the cloſe drawn Curtains, and with a haſty and buſie view, ſurvey'd the Chamber over; but oh! in vain I view'd, and call'd yet louder, but none appear'd to my aſſiſtance but *Antonet* and *Brilljard* to torture me with dull Excuſes, urging a thouſand feign'd and frivolous Reaſons to ſatisfie my fears: But I, who lov'd, who doated even to madneſs, by nature ſoft, and timorous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal eſcap'd, that dreads each little noiſe, fancy'd their Eyes and guilty Looks confeſt the Treaſons of their

their Hearts and Tongues, while they, more kind than true, ſtrove to convince my killing Doubts, proteſted, that you would return by Night, and feign'd a likely Story to deceive. Thus between hope and fear I languiſht out a day, Oh Heavens! a tedious day without *Philander*, who wou'd have thought, that ſuch a diſmal day ſhou'd not with the end of its reign have finiſh'd that of my Life: But then *Octavio* came to viſit me, and who till then I never wiſht to ſee, but now I was impatient for his coming, who by degrees told me that you were gone—I never ask'd him where, or how, or why, that you were gone was enough to poſſeſs me of all I fear'd, your being apprehended and ſent into *France*, your delivering your ſelf up, your abandoning me; all, all I had an eaſie faith for, without con-

consulting more than That, Thou wert gone, — that very word yet strikes a terrour to my Soul, disables my trembling hand, and I must wait for reinforcements from some kinder thoughts. But, oh! from whence shou'd they arrive? from what dear present felicity, or prospect of a future, tho never so distant, and all those past ones, serve but to increase my pain; they favour me no more, they charm and please no more, and only present themselves to my memory to compleat the number of my Sighs and Tears, and make me wish that they had never been; tho even with *Philander*? Oh, say, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How hast thou treated *Silvia*, to make her wish, that she had never known a tender joy with thee: Is't possible she shou'd repent her loving thee, and thou shou'dst give her

her cause! say, dear false Charmer, is it? But Oh, there is no lasting Faith in Sin!—Ah—What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my first debauch, and how glorious that never to be regain'd prospect of my Virgin Innocence, where I sate inthron'd in awful vertue, crown'd with shining honour, and adorned with unsullied reputation, till thou, O Tyrant *Love*, with a charming usurpation, invaded all my Glories; and which I resign'd with greater pride and joy than a young Monarch puts 'em on! Oh, why then do I repent? as if the vast, the dear expence of pleasures past were not enough to recompence for all the pains of Love to come? But why, O why do I treat thee as a Lover lost already; Thou are not, canst not, no, I'll not believe it, till thou thy self confess it: Nor shall the

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omission of a tender word or two make me believe thou hast forgot thy Vows. Alass, it may be I mistake thy Cares, thy hard Fatigues of Life, thy present ill Circumstances (and all the melancholy Effects of thine and my misfortunes) for coldness and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now oblig'd to contrive for Life as well as Love; thou perhaps (fearing the worst) art preparing Eloquence for a Council Table, and in thy busie and guilty imaginations, haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy Innocence, or evading thy guilt: Feeing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witnesses, when thou should'st be giving satisfaction to my fainting love-sick heart: Sometimes in thy labouring Fancy the horrour of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious death

strikes

ſtrikes upon thy tender Soul with a force that frights the little God from thence, and I am perſwaded there are ſome Moments of this melancholy nature, wherein your *Silvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too ſhe can think juſt and reaſonable, without reproaching thy heart with a declining Paſſion, eſpecially when I am not by to call thy fondneſs up, and divert thy more tormenting hours: But oh, for thoſe ſoft Minutes thou haſt deſign'd for Love, and haſt dedicated to *Silvia*, *Philander* ſhou'd diſmiſs the dull Formalities of rigid Buſineſs, the preſſing cares of Dangers, and have given a looſe to ſoftneſs. Cou'd my *Philander* imagine this ſhort and unloving Letter ſufficient to atone for ſuch an abſence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the pain with which I languiſh'd, when but abſent from him an hour? How

then

then can he imagine I can live, when diſtant from him ſo many Leagues, and ſo many days? while all the ſcanty comfort I have for life is, that one day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how—thou haſt not love enough ſo much as to divine; but poorly leaveſt me to be ſatisfied by *Octavio*, committing the buſineſs of thy heart, the once great importance of thy Soul, the moſt neceſſary Devoirs of thy life, to be ſupply'd by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a bleſſed time in our reign of Love, when thou wouldſt have thought even all thy own power of too little force to ſatisfie the doubting Soul of *Silvia*: Tell me *Philander*, haſt thou forgot that time? I dare not think thou haſt, and yet (O God) I find an alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet ſomething whiſpers to my Soul,

I am undone! Oh where art thou my *Philander*? Where's thy Heart? And what has it been doing ſince it begun my Fate? How can it juſtifie thy coldneſs, and thou this cruel abſence, without accounting with me for every parting hour? My charming Dear was wont to find me Buſineſs for all my lonely abſent ones; and writ the ſofteſt Letters—— Loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wiſhes, which e're I had read o'er, another wou'd arrive, to keep eternal warmth about my Soul: nor wert thou ever wearied more with writing, than I with reading or with ſighing after thee; but now ——— Oh! there's ſome Myſtery in't I dare not underſtand. Be kind at leaſt and ſatisfie my Fears, for 'tis a wondrous pain to live in doubt. if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, ſwear it

o'er a new! and curse me if I do not credit thee. But—if thou art declining,—or should'st be sent a shameful Victim into *France*—Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be just, and let me know my Doom: By Heaven this last will find a welcome to me, for it will end the Torment of my Doubts, and fears of losing thee another way, and I shall have the Joy to die with thee; die belov'd, and die

Thy Silvia.

Having read over this Letter, she fear'd she had said too much of her Doubts, and Apprehensions of a change in him; for now she flies to all the little Stratagems and Artifices of Lovers, she begins to consider the worst, and to make her best of that, but quite abandon'd, she could not believe her

her ſelf without flying into all the Rage that diſappointed Woman could be poſſeſs'd with, ſhe calls *Brilljard*, ſhews him his Lords Letters, and told him (while he read) her Doubts and Fears; he being thus inſtructed by her ſelf in the way how to deceive her on, like Fortune-tellers who gathers peoples Fortune from themſelves, and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he ſaw indeed a change! glad to improve her Fear, and feigns a Sorrow almoſt equal to hers: *'Tis evident*, ſays he, *'tis evident, that he's the moſt ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon, Madam* (continued he, bowing) *If my Zeal for the moſt charming Creature on Earth, make me forget my Duty to the beſt of Maſters and Friends. Ah* Brilljard, cry'd ſhe, with an Air of Languiſhment that more enflamed

him; *have a care least that mistaken Zeal for me shou'd make you prophane Vertue, which has not, but on this occasion shew'd that it wanted Angels for its Guard. Oh,* Brilljard, *if he be false——if the dear Man be perjured, take, take, kind Heaven, the Life you have preserv'd, but for a greater Proof of your Revenge*——And at that Word she sunk into his Arms, which he hastily extended as she was falling, both to save her from harm, and to give himself the Pleasure of grasping the lovely'st body in the World to his Bosom, on which her fair Face declin'd cold, dead, and pale, but so transporting was the Pleasure of that dear Burden, that he forgot to call for, or to use any Aid to bring her back to Life, but trembling with his Love and eager Passion, he took a thousand Joys,

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he kiſt a thouſand times her Luke-warm Lips, ſuck'd her ſhort Sighs, and raviſh'd all the Sweets her Boſom (which but guarded with a looſe Night Gown) yielded his impatient touches. Oh Heaven, who can expreſs the Pleaſures he receiv'd, becauſe no other way he ever cou'd arrive to ſo much daring? 'twas all beyond his hope; looſe were her Robes, inſenſible the Maid, and Love had made him inſolent, he rov'd, he kiſs'd, he gaz'd, without controul, forgetting all reſpect of Perſons, or of place, and quite deſpairing by fair means to win her, reſolves to take this lucky Opportunity; the Door he knew was faſt, for the counſel ſhe had to ask him admitted of no Lookers on, ſo that at his Entrance ſhe had ſecur'd that Paſs for him her ſelf, and being near her Bed, when ſhe fell

into his Arms, at this last daring Thought, he lifts her thither, and lays her gently down, and while he did so in one minute, ran o'er all the killing Joys he had been Witness to, which she had given *Philander*; on which he never paws'd but urg'd by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he resolves his cowardly Conquest, when some kinder God awaken'd *Silvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber Door, who having been us'd to a freedom, which was permitted to none but himself, with *Antonett* her Woman, waiting for admittance, after having knock'd twice softly: *Brilliard* heard it, and redoubled his Disorder, which from that of Love, grew to that of Surprize; he knew not what to do, whether to refuse answering, or to re establish the reviving Sense of *Silvia*; in this moment

ment of perplexing Thought, he fail'd not however to set his Hair in order, and adjust him, tho there were no need of it, and stepping to the Door (after having rais'd *Silvia*, leaning her head on her Hand on the bed-side,) he gave admittance to *Octavio*; but oh Heaven, how was he surpriz'd when he saw it was *Octavio*? his heart with more force than before, redoubled its beats, that one might easily perceive every stroak by the motion of his Cravat, he blush'd, which to a Complexion perfectly fair, as that of *Brilliard* (who wants no Beauty either in Face or Person) was the more discoverable, add to this his trembling, and you may easily imagine what a fuger he represented himself to *Octavio*; who almost as much surpriz'd as himself to find the Goddess of his Vows and Devo-

tions with a young *Endimion* alone, a Door ſhut too, her Gown looſe (which from the late Fit ſhe was in, and *Brilljard*'s Rape upon her Boſom) was ſtill open, and diſcovered a world of unguarded Beauty, which ſhe knew not was in view, with ſome other Diſorders of her Head-cloaths, gave him in a Moment a thouſand falſe Apprehenſions: *Antonett* was no leſs ſurpris'd; ſo that all had their part of Amazement, but the innocent *Silvia*, whoſe Eyes were beautified with a melancholly Calm, which almoſt ſet the generous Lover at eaſe, and took away his new fears, however he could not chooſe but ask *Brilljard* what the matter was with him, he look'd ſo out of countenance, and trembled ſo? he told him, how *Silvia* had been, and what extream Frights ſhe had poſſeſs'd him with, and told him

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the occasion, which the lovely *Silvia* with her Eyes and Sighs assented to, and *Brilljard* departed; how well pleas'd you may imagine, or with what Gusto he left her with the lovely *Octavio*, whom he perceiv'd too well was a Lover in the Disguise of a Friend. But there are in love those wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles, with some other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilljard* was, he found *Antanett* an Antidote that dispell'd the grosser part of it; for she was in love with our Amorous Friend, and courted him with that Passion those of that Country do almost all handsome Strangers, and one convenient Principle of the Religion of that Country is, to think it no Sin to be kind while they are single Women, tho' otherwise (when Wives) they are

juſt enough, nor does a Woman that manages her Affairs thus diſcreetly meet with any reproach; of this Humour was our *Antonett*, who purſu'd her Lover out, half jealous there might be ſome amorous Intrigue between her Lady and him, which ſhe ſought in vain by all the feeble Arts of her Countries Sex to get from him; while on the other ſide, he believing ſhe might be of uſe in the farther diſcovery he deſir'd to make between *Octavio* and *Silvia*, not only told her ſhe her ſelf was the Object of his Wiſhes, but gave her ſubſtantial Proofs on't, and told her his Deſign, after having her Honour for ſecurity that ſhe wou'd be ſecret, the beſt Pledge a Man can take of a Woman: After ſhe had promis'd to betray all things to him, ſhe departed to her Affairs, and he to giving his

his Lord an account of *Silvia*, as he desir'd, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Silvia*; and which was thus:

Philander *to* Brilljard.

I Doubt not but you will wonder that all this time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can I well excuse it, since I have been in a place, whence with ease I cou'd have sent every Post, but a new Affair of Gallantry has engag'd my thoughtful Hours, not that I find any Passion there that has abated one Sigh for *Silvia*, but a Mans Hours are very dull, when undiverted by an Intrigue of some kind or other, especially to a Heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not if possible bend under the Fatigues of more serious thought and busines; I shou'd not

tell

tell you this, but that I wou'd have you feign all the dilatory excuſes that poſſible you can to hinder *Silvia*'s coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I deſign to make my abode but a ſhort time, and had not ſtaid at all, but for this ſtop to my Journey, and I ſcorn to be vanquiſh'd without taking my Revenge, 'tis a ſally of Youth, no more—— a flaſh, that blazes for a while, and will go out with enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this Knowledge to your ſelf, for I have had too good a confirmation of your Faith and Friendſhip to doubt you now, and believe you have too much reſpect for *Silvia* to occaſion her any diſquiet. I long to know how ſhe takes my abſence, ſend me at large of all that paſſes, and give your Letters to *Octavio*, for none elſe ſhall know where I am, or how to

ſend

ſend to me : Be careful of *Silvia*, and obſerve her with diligence, for poſſibly I ſhould not be extravagantly afflicted to find ſhe were inclin'd to love me leſs for her own eaſe and mine, ſince Love is troubleſome when the height of it carries it to jealouſies, little quarels and eternal diſcontents ; all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themſelves on every diſtruſt of the fond Miſtreſs, ſince 'tis not only a demonſtration of love in them, but of power and charms in us that occaſion it, but when we no longer find the Miſtreſs ſo deſirable, as our firſt wiſhes form her, we value leſs their opinion of our Perſons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conqueſts ; but you, *Brilljard*, have been a Lover, and underſtand already this Philoſophy. I need ſay no more than to

to a Man who knows ſo well my Soul, but to tell him I am

His conſtant Friend
Philander.

This came as *Brilliard*'s Soul cou'd wiſh, and had he ſent him word he had been choſen King of *Poland*, he cou'd not have received the news with ſo great joy, and ſo perfect a welcom. How to manage this to his beſt advantage was the buſineſs he was next to conſult, after returning an anſwer; now he fancied himſelf ſure of the lovely Prize, in ſpight of all other oppoſitions: *For* (ſays he, in reaſoning the caſe) *if ſhe can by degrees arrive to a coldneſs to* Philander, *and conſider him no longer as a Lover, ſhe may perhaps conſider me as a Husband; or ſhou'd ſhe receive* Octavio's *Addreſſes, when once I have found her*

her feeble, I will make her pay me for keeping of every secret. So either way he entertain'd a Hope, tho never so distant from Reason and Probability; but all things seem possible to longing Lovers, who can on the least hope resolve to out-wait even Eternity (if possible) in expectation of a promis'd Blessing; and now with more than usual care he resolv'd to dress and set out all his Youth and Beauty to the best advantage; and being a Gentleman well born, he wanted no Arts of dressing, nor any advantage of Shape or Mien, to make it appear well: Pleas'd with this hope, his Art was now how to make his Advances without appearing to have design'd doing so. And first to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his Business; for he consider'd rightly, if he should not represent

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Silvia's sorrows to the life, and appear to make him sensible of 'em, he should not be after credited if he related any thing to her disadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy you ought to seem to be the greatest Friend. This was the policy of his Heart, who in all things was inspir'd with phanatical Notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the defeat he had in that of *Silvia*'s, he writ this Letter.

Brilljard *to* Philander.

My Lord,

YOU have done me the honour to make me your Confident in an Affair that does not a little surprize me: Since I believ'd, after *Silvia*, no mortal Beauty could have touch'd your Heart, and nothing but your own excu-

excuſes cou'd have ſuffic'd to have made it reaſonable; and I only wiſh, that when the fatal news ſhall arrive to *Silvia*'s Ear (as for me it never ſhall) that ſhe may think it as pardonable as I do; but I doubt it will add abundance of Grief, to what ſhe is already poſſeſt of, if but ſuch a fear ſhould enter in her tender Thoughts. But ſince 'tis not my buſineſs, my Lord, to adviſe or counſel, but to obey, I leave you to all the ſucceſs of happy Love, and will only give you an account how affairs ſtand here, ſince your departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Silvia* in Bed, I muſt diſturb your more ſerene thoughts with telling you, that her firſt Surprize and Griefs at the news of your departure, were moſt deplorable, where raging madneſs and the ſofter paſſion of Love,

complaints of Grief and Anger, Sighs, Tears and Cries were so mix'd together, and by turns so violently seiz'd her, that all about her wept and pity'd her; 'twas sad, 'twas wond'rous sad, my Lord, to see it: Nor cou'd we hope her Life, or that she would preserve it if she cou'd; for by many ways she attempted to have releas'd her self from pain by a violent Death, and those that strove to preserve that, cou'd not hope she wou'd ever have return'd to sense again; sometimes a wild extravagant Raving wou'd require all our Aid, and then again she wou'd talk and rail so tenderly—and express her resentment in the kindest softest Words that ever Madness utter'd, and all of her *Philander*, till she has set us all a weeping round her, sometimes she'd sit as calm and still as death,

and

and we have perceiv'd she liv'd only by Sighs and silent Tears that fell into her Bosom, then on a sudden wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wond'rous Charms, and frantickly survey us all, then cry aloud, where is my Lord *Philander*? ——— Oh, bring me my *Philander*, *Brilliard*: Oh, *Antonett*, *Where have you hid the Treasure of my Soul*; then weeping Floods of Tears, wou'd sink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling Words and Sighs she'd cry, ——— *But oh, my dear* Philander *is no more, you have surrendered him to* France ——— *Yes, yes, you've given him up, and he must die, publickly die, be led a sad Victim through the joyful Croud—reproach'd and fall ingloriously* ——— Then rave again, and tear her lovely Hair, and act such Wildness, — so moving

moving and so sad, as even infected the pitying beholders, and all we cou'd do was gently to persuade her Grief, and sooth her raving Fits; but so we swore, so heartily we vow'd that you were safe, that with the aid of *Octavio*, who came that day to visit her, we made her capable of hearing a little reason from us: *Octavio* kneel'd and beg'd she would but calmly hear him speak, he pawn'd his Soul, his Honour, and his life: *Philander* was as safe from any injury either from *France* or any other Enemy as he, as she or Heaven it self: In fine, my Lord, he vow'd, he swore, and pleaded, till she with patience heard him tell your Story, and the necessity of your absence; this brought her temper back, and dry'd her Eyes, then sighing answer'd him ——*that if for your safety you*

were

were fled, she would forgive your Cruelty and your Absence, and endeavour to be her self again: But then she wou'd a thousand times conjure him not to deceive her Faith, by all the Friendship that he bore *Philander*, not to possess her with false Hopes; then wou'd he swear a new; and as he swore, she would behold him with such charming sadness in her Eyes, that he almost forgot what he wou'd say, to gaze upon her and to pay his Pity. But if with all his Power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her calm, he was no sooner gone, but she return'd to all the Tempests of despairing Love, to all the unbelief of faithless Passion, wou'd neither sleep, nor eat, nor suffer day to enter; but all was sad and gloomy as the Vault that held the *Ephesian* Matron, nor suffer'd she

any

any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Ottavio*, and he in midſt of all was well receiv'd; not that I think, my Lord, ſhe feign'd any part of that cloſe retirement to entertain him with any freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour, tho I muſt own, my Lord, I believe it impoſſible for him to behold the lovely *Silvia* without having a Paſſion for her, what reſtraint his Friendſhip to you may put upon his Heart or Tongue, I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, tho without Succeſs, what effects that may have upon the Heart of *Silvia*, only time can render an acount of: And whoſe Conduct I ſhall the more particularly obſerve from a Curioſity natural to me, to ſee, if it may be poſſible for *Silvia* to love again, after the adorable *Philander*, which Levity in one ſo perfect

wou'd

wou'd cure me of the Diſeaſe of Love, while I liv'd amongſt the fickle Sex: But ſince no ſuch thought can yet get Poſſeſſion of my Belief, I humbly beg your Lordſhip will entertain no jealouſie, that may be ſo fatal to your repoſe, and to that of *Silvia*, doubt not but my fears proceed perfectly from the Zeal I have for your Lordſhip, for whoſe Honour and Tranquility none ſhall venture ſo far as,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble and Obedient Servant

Brilljard.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord, the Groom ſhall ſet forward with your Coach-Horſes to morrow morning according to your Order.

Ha-

Having writ this, he read it over: not to see whether it were witty or eloquent, or writ up to the Sense of so good a Judge as *Philander*, but to see whether he had cast it for his purpose; for there his Master-piece was to be shewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the relation of *Silvia*'s Griefs were not too moving, and whether they might not serve to revive his fading Love which were intended only as a demonstration of his own Pity and Compassion, that from thence the deceiv'd Lover might with the more ease entertain a belief in what he hinted of her Levity, when he was to make that out, as he now had but touch'd upon it, for he wou'd not have it thought the business of Malice to *Silvia*, but Duty and Respect to *Philander*. That thought reconcil'd him

him, to the first part without alteration; and he fancy'd he had said enough in the latter, to give any Man of Love and Sence a Jealousie which might inspire a young Lover in pursuit of a new Mistress, with a Revenge that might wholly turn to his advantage; for now every Ray gave him light enough to conduct him to hope, and he believ'd nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his invention cou'd not conquer: he fancy'd himself a very *Machiavel* already, and almost promis'd himself the Charming *Silvia*. With these Thoughts he seals up his Letters, and hastes to *Silvia*'s Chamber for her further Commands, having in his politick transports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no sooner had seen *Brillard* quit the Chamber all trembling and disor-

der'd, after having given him entrance; but the next ſtep was to the Feet of the newly recover'd languiſhing Beauty, who not knowing any thing of the freedom the daring Husband-Lover had taken, was not at all ſurpriz'd to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ah Madam, I no longer wonder you uſe* Octavio *with ſuch rigour*; then ſighing declin'd his melancholy Eyes, where Love and Jealouſie made themſelves too apparent, while ſhe believing he had only reproach'd her want of Ceremony at his entrance, checking her ſelf, ſhe ſtarted from the Bed, and taking him by the Hands to raiſe him, ſhe cry'd, *Riſe, my Lord, and pardon the omiſſion of that reſpect which was not wanting but with even life it ſelf,* *Octavio* anſwer'd, *Yes, Madam, but you took care, not to make the World abſo-*

absolutely unhappy in your Eternal Loss, and therefore made choice of such a time to die in when you were sure of a skilful person at hand to bring you back to life— *My Lord*— said she (with an innocent wonder in her Eyes, and an ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean* Brilliard, said he, *whom I found sufficiently disorder'd to make me believe he took no little pains to restore you to the World again.* This he spoke with such an Air as easily made her imagine he was a Lover to the degree of jealousie, and therefore (beholding him with a look that told him her disdain before she spoke) she reply'd hastily, *My Lord, if* Brilliard *have expresst by any disorder or concern of his kind sense of my sufferings, I am more oblig'd to him for it than I am to you for your opinion of my Vertue, and I shall hereafter*

know how to ſet a value both on the one and on the other, ſince what he wants in quality and ability to ſerve me, he ſufficiently makes good with his Reſpect and Duty. At that ſhe would have quitted him, but he (ſtill kneeling) held her Train of her Gown and beſought her with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That ſhe wou'd pardon the effect of a Paſſion that cou'd not run into leſs Extravagancy at a ſight ſo new and ſtrange, as that ſhe ſhou'd in a morning, with only her Night-Gown thrown looſely about her lovely body, and which left a thouſand Charms to view, alone receive a Man into her Chamber, and make faſt the Door upon 'em, which when (from his importunity) was open'd he found her all-ruffled, and almoſt fainting on her Bed, and a young bluſhing Youth ſtart from her Arms, with trembling*

trembling Limbs, and a Heart that beat time to the tune of active Love, faultring in his Speech, as if ſcarce yet he had recruited the Senſe he had ſo happily loſt in the Amorous Encounter: With that, ſurveying of her ſelf, as ſhe ſtood, in a great Glaſs, which ſhe cou'd not hinder her ſelf from doing; ſhe found indeed her Night Linen, her Gown, and the Boſom of her Shift in ſuch diſorder, as if at leaſt ſhe had yet any doubt remaining that *Brilljard* had not treated her well: She however found cauſe enough to excuſe *Octavio*'s Opinion, weighing all the Circumſtances together, and adjuſting her Linen and Gown with Bluſhes that almoſt appear'd Criminal, ſhe turn'd to *Octavio*, who ſtill held her, and ſtill begg'd her Pardon, aſſuring him upon her Honour, her Love

to *Philander*, and her Friendſhip for him, that ſhe was perfectly innocent, and that *Brilliard*, though he ſhou'd have quality and all other Advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet that there was in Nature ſomething which compell'd her to a ſort of coldneſs and diſguſt to his Perſon, for ſhe had ſo much the more abhorrence to him as he was a Husband, but that was a Secret to *Octavio*, but ſhe continu'd ſpeaking——— and cry'd, *no, cou'd I be brought to yield to any but* Philander; *I own I find Charms enough in* Octavio *to make a Conqueſt; but ſince the poſſeſſion of that dear Man is all I ask of Heaven, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any ſatisfaction in my converſation, never*

to

to ſpeak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make Vows againſt ſeeing you: All the freedoms of Friendſhip I'll allow, give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any way but that of Love; but that's a reſerve of my Soul which is only for Philander, *and the only one that ever ſhall be kept from* Octavio. She ended ſpeaking, and rais'd him with a ſmile; and he with a Sigh, told her, *ſhe muſt command:* Then ſhe fell to telling him how ſhe had ſent for *Brilljard*, and all the Diſcourſe that paſt; with the reaſon of her falling into a ſwoon, in which ſhe continu'd a Moment or two, and while ſhe told it ſhe bluſh'd with a ſecret fear; that in that Trance ſome freedoms might be taken which ſhe durſt not confeſs, but while ſhe

ſpoke our ſtill more paſſionate Lover devour'd her with his Eyes, fix'd his very Soul upon her Charms of ſpeaking and looking, and was a thouſand times (urg'd by tranſporting paſſion) ready to break all her Dictates, and vow himſelf her eternal Slave; but he fear'd the reſult, and therefore kept himſelf within the bounds of ſeeming Friendſhip; ſo that after a thouſand things ſhe ſaid of *Philander*, he took his leave to go to Dinner, but as he was going out he ſaw *Brilljard* enter; who, as I ſaid, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her; but in a moment recollecting himſelf, he bluſh'd at the Apprehenſion, that they might make his Diſorder the Subject of their Diſcourſe; ſo what with that, and the ſight of the dear Object of his late diſappointed Pleaſures, he had much a-do to

aſſume

assume an assurance to approach; but *Octavio* pass'd out and gave him a little release. *Silvia*'s confusion was almost equal to his, for she look'd on him as a Ravisher; but how to find that Truth, which she was very curious to know, she call'd up all the Arts of Women to instruct her in; by Threats she knew it was in vain, therefore she assum'd an Artifice, which indeed was almost a Stranger to her Heart, that of gilting him out of a Secret which she knew he wanted Generosity to give handsomly; and meeting him with a Smile, which she forc'd, she cry'd, *How, now,* Brilliard, *are you so faint-hearted a Soldier, you cannot see a Lady die without being terrifi'd. Rather, Madam,* (reply'd he blushing anew) *so soft-hearted I cannot see the loveliest Person in the World*

fainting in my Arms, without being diſorder'd with Grief and Fear, beyond the power of many days to reſettle again. At which ſhe approach'd him, who ſtood near the Door, and ſhutting it, ſhe took him by the hand, and ſmiling, cry'd, *And had you no other buſineſs for your Heart but Grief and Fear, when a fair Lady throws her ſelf into your Arms, it ought to have had ſome kinder Effect on a Perſon of* Brilljard's *Youth and Complexion,* And while ſhe ſpoke this ſhe held him by the Wriſt, and found on the ſudden his pulſe to beat more high, and his Heart to heave his Boſom with Sighs, which now he no longer took care to hide, but with a tranſported Joy he cry'd, *Oh Madam, do not urge me to a confeſſion that muſt undo me, without making it criminal by my diſcovery of it, you know I am your Slave—*

when

when she with a pretty wondering Smile cry'd——*What, a Lover too, and yet so dull! O charming* Silvia, says he (and falling on his knees) *give my profound Respect a kinder Name*: To which she answer'd——*You that know your Sentiments may best instruct me by what Name to call 'em, and you* Brilljard *may do it without fear,*——*You saw I did not struggle in your Arms, nor strove I to defend the Kisses which you gave—Oh Heavens*, cry'd he, transported with what she said, *is it possible that you cou'd know of my presumption and favour it too? I will no longer then curse those unlucky Stars that sent* Octavio *just in the blessed Minute to snatch me from my Heav'n, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepared to offer; my Hands, my Eyes, my Lips were tired with Pleasure, but yet they were not satisfied; oh*

there

there was Joys beyond thoſe Raviſh-ments of which one kind Minute more had made me abſolute Lord: Yes, and the next, ſaid ſhe, *had ſent this to your Heart* —Sn tching a Pen-knife that lay on her Toylets, where ſhe had been writing, which ſhe offer'd ſo near to his Boſome, that he believ'd himſelf already pierc'd, ſo ſenſibly killing were her Words, her Motion, and her Look; he ſtarted from her and ſhe threw away the Knife, and walking a turn or two about the Chamber, while he ſtood immovable, with his Eyes fix'd to the earth, and his Thoughts on nothing but a wild confuſion, which he vowed afterwards he could give no account of. But as ſhe turn'd ſhe beheld him with ſome Compaſſion, and remembring how he had it in his Power to expoſe her in a ſtrange Country, and own her

for

for a Wife, ſhe believ'd it neceſſary to hide her Reſentments; and cry'd, Brilljard, *for the Friendſhip your Lord has for you, I forgive you; but have a care you never raiſe your Thoughts to a Preſumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below* Philander's *Love; go and repent your Crime —— and expect all things elſe from my favour* — At this he left her with a bow that had ſome malice in it, and ſhe return'd into her dreſſing Room. —After Dinner *Octavio* writes her this Letter, Which his Page brought.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

'TIS true, that in Obedience to your Commands I beg'd your Pardon for the con-

confeſſion I made you of my Paſſion: But ſince you cou'd not but ſee the contradiction of my tongue in my Eyes, and hear it but too well confirm'd by my ſighs, why will you confine me to the formalities of a ſilent languiſhment, unleſs to encreaſe my flame with my pain.

You conjure me to ſee you often, and at the ſame time forbid me ſpeaking of my Paſſion, and this bold Intruder comes to tell you now, that 'tis impoſſible to obey the firſt, without diſobliging the laſt; and ſince the crime of adoring you exceeds my diſobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at leaſt to pardon that fault, which my profound reſpect to the lovely *Silvia* compels me to commit; for 'tis impoſſible to ſee you, and not give you an occaſion of reproaching me: If I

cou'd

cou'd make a truce with my Eyes, and like a mortified Capuchin, look always downwards, not daring to behold the glorious Temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thouſand ways beſides; your touches inflame me, and your voice has Muſick in't, that ſtrikes upon my Soul with raviſhing tenderneſs; your Wit is unreſiſtable and piercing; your very ſorrows and complaints have charms that make me ſoft without the aid of Love: But Pity joyn'd with Paſſion raiſes a flame too mighty for my conduct! And I in tranſports every way confeſs it: Yes, yes, upbraid me; call me Traytor and Ungrateful; tell me my Friendſhip's falſe; but *Silvia* yet be juſt, and ſay my love was true, ſay only he had ſeen the charming *Silvia*; and who is he, that after that wou'd not excuſe the reſt

in

in one ſo abſolutely born to be undone by Love, as is

Her deſtin'd Slave,

Octavio.

POSTSCRIPT.

Madam, Among ſome Rareties I this Morning ſaw, I found theſe Trifles Florio *brings you, which becauſe uncommon I preſume to ſend you.*

Silvia, notwithſtanding the ſeeming Severity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be diſobey'd, and Women never pardon any fault more willingly than one of this nature, where the Crime gives ſo infallible a demonſtration of their power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their Hearts

for

for being thought desireable; and 'twas not with pain, that she saw him obstinate in his passion, as you may believe by her answering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to despair, when he receives denial under his Mistresses own hand, which she sent in this to *Octavio*.

Silvia to Octavio.

YOU but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you send me such a Present, and such a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other as you design'd: In Obedience to me you will no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the same time you are breaking your Word from one end of the Paper to the other. Out of respect to me you will see me no more, and yet are bribing

bribing me with Presents; believing you have found out the surest way to a Womans Heart. I must needs confess, *Octavio*, there is great eloquence in a pair of Bracelets of Five thousand Crowns: 'Tis an Argument to prove your Passion, that has more prevailing reason in't, than either *Seneca* or *Tully* cou'd have urg'd; nor can a Lover write or speak in any Language so significant, and very well to be understood, as in that silent one of presenting. The malicious World has a long time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, insensible, and dull; when indeed 'tis those Men that are in fault, who want the right way of addressing, the true and secret Arts of moving; that sovereign Remedy against disdain. 'Tis you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct

direct, unpractis'd way to that little and so much desir'd World, the favour of the Fair; nor cou'd Love himself have pointed his Arrows with any thing more successful for his Conquest of Hearts: But mine, my Lord, like *Sceva*'s Shield, is already so full of Arrows, shot from *Philander*'s Eyes, it has no room for any other Darts: Take back your Presents then, my Lord, and when you make 'em next, be sure you first consider the Receiver: For know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality, ought to find themselves secure from Addresses of this Nature, unless they first invite; you ought to have seen Advances in my Freedoms, consenting in my Eyes: or (that usual Vanity of my Sex) a thousand little trifling Arts of Affectation to furnish out a Conquest, a forward complaisance, to every Gaw-

Gawdy Coxcomb, to fill my Train with amorous cringing Captives, this might have juſtified your pretenſions; but on the contrary my Eyes and Thoughts which never ſtray'd from the dear Man I love, were always bent to earth, when gaz'd upon by you, and when I did but fear you lookt with love, I entertain'd you with *Philander*'s Praiſe, his wondrous Beauty, and his wondrous Love! and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impoſſible it was I e'er ſhou'd love again, that I might leave you no room for hope; and ſince my Story has been ſo unfortunate to alarm the whole World with a Conduct ſo fatal; I made no ſcruple of telling you with what Joy and Pride I was undone; if this encourage you, if *Octavio* have Sentiments ſo meanly poor of me, to think becauſe I yielded

ded to *Philander*, his hopes ſhou'd be advanc'd? I baniſh him for ever from my ſight, and after that diſdain the little Service he can render the

Never to be alter'd

Silvia.

This Letter ſhe ſent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets, which were indeed very fine, and very conſiderable: at the ſame time ſhe threatned him with Baniſhment, ſhe ſo abſolutely expected to be diſobey'd in all things of that kind, that ſhe dreſt her ſelf that day to advantage, which ſince her arrival ſhe never had done in her own habits: What with her illneſs and *Philander*'s abſence, a careleſs negligence had ſeiz'd her, till rous'd and waken'd to the thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio*'s Love, ſhe began

gan to try its force, and that day dreſt. While ſhe was ſo imploy'd, the Page haſtes with the Letter to his Lord, who chang'd Colour at the ſight of it e'er he receiv'd it; not that he hop'd it brought love, 'twas enough ſhe would but anſwer, tho ſhe rail'd: *Let her* (ſaid he in opening it) *vow ſhe hates me: Let her call me Traytor, and Unjuſt, ſo ſhe take the pains to tell it this way*; for he knew well thoſe that argue will yield, and only ſhe that ſends him back his own Letters without reading 'em can give deſpair. He read therefore without a ſigh, nor complained he on her Rigours, and becauſe it was too early yet to make his Viſit, to ſhew the impatience of his Love, as much as the reality and reſolution of it, he bid his Page wait and ſent her back this anſwer.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

FAir angry *Silvia*, How has my Love offended? Has its excess betray'd the least part of that respect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho' I am young as the gay ruddy Morning, and vigorous as the gilded Sun at Noon, and Amorous as that God, when with such haste he chas'd young *Daphne* o'er the flow'ry Plain, it never made me guilty of a thought that *Silvia* might not pity and allow. Nor came that trifling Present to plead for any wish, or mend my Eloquence, which you with such Disdain upbraid me with, the Bracelets came not to be rais'd for your Love, nor Pimp to my Desires; Youth scorns those common Aids; No, let dull

Age

Age purſue thoſe ways of Merchandize, who only buy up Hearts at that vain Price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchaſe. Youth has a better way of trading in Love's Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid ſo cheaply for it: I found the Toy was gay, the work was neat, and fancy new; and know not any thing they wou'd ſo well adorn as *Silvia*'s lovely Hands: I ſay, if after this, I ſhou'd have been the mercenary Fool to have dunn'd you for Return, you might have us'd me thus;—— Condemn me e'er you find me ſin in thought! that part of it was yet ſo far behind 'twas ſcarce arriv'd in wiſh. You ſhou'd have ſtaid till it approach'd more near, before you damn'd it to eternal Silence. To love, to ſigh,

—to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allow'd it in Devotion; but you, nicer than Heaven it ſelf, make that a Crime, which all the Powers Divine have ne'er decreed one. I will not plead, nor ask you leave to love; Love is my Right, my Buſineſs, and my Province; the Empire of the young, the vigorous, and the bold; and I will claim my ſhare; the Air, the Groves, the Shades are mine to ſigh in, as well as your *Philander's*, the Echo's anſwer me as willingly, when I complain or name the cruel *Silvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Spring's reflexion agreeably flatters me to hope, and makes me vain enough to think it juſt and reaſonable I ſhou'd purſue the Dictates of my Soul—Love on in ſpight of oppoſition, becauſe I

will not loſe my Priviledge, you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, becauſe I can; but not to love! not to adore the Fair! and not to languiſh for you, were as impoſſible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the moſt charming of your Sex. But I am ſo far from a pretending Fool, becauſe you have been poſſeſs'd, that often that Thought comes croſs my Soul, and checks my advancing Love! and I would buy that Thought off with almoſt all my ſhare of future bliſs! Were I a God, the firſt great Miracle ſhould be to form you a Maid again! For oh, what ever Reaſons flattering Love can bring to make it look like Juſt, the World! the World, fair *Silvia*, ſtill will cenſure, and ſay—you were to blame, but 'twas that fault alone that made you mortal, we

elſe

else should have ador'd you as a Deity, and so have lost a generous Race of young succeeding *Hero's* that may be born of you! yet had *Philander* lov'd but half so well as I, he would have kept your glorious Fame entire; but since alone for *Silvia* I love *Silvia*, let her be false to Honour, false to Love, Wanton and Proud, Ill-natur'd, Vain, Fantastick; or what is worse—let her pursue her Love, be constant and still dote upon *Philander*——Ye still she'll be the *Silvia* I adore, that *Silvia* born eternally to inslave

Octavio.

This he sent by *Florio* his Page, at the same time that she expected the Visit of his Lord, and blush'd with a little anger and concern at the disappointment; however she

hasted to read the Letter, and was pleas'd with the haughty resolution he made, in spight of her, to love on as his right by birth? and she was glad to find from these positive Resolves, that she might the more safely disdain, or at least assume a Tyranny which might render her Vertue Glorious, and yet at the same time keep him her Slave on all occasions when she might have need of his service, which in the Circumstances she was in, she did not know of what great use it might be to her, she having no other design on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an Ingredient so intermixt with the greatest Vertues of Womenkind, that those who endeavour to cure 'em of that disease, rob them of a very considerable pleasure, and in most 'tis incurable: Give *Silvia* then

leave

leave to ſhare it with her Sex, ſince ſhe was ſo much the more excuſeable by how much a greater portion of Beauty ſhe had than any other, and had ſenſe enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have ſtill enough to ſet a price on Beauty, tho' they do not always rate it; for had *Silvia* done that, ſhe had been the happieſt of her Sex; but as ſhe was, ſhe waited the coming of *Octavia*, but not ſo as to make her quit one ſad thought for *Philander*'s Love and Vanity, tho they both reign'd in her Soul; yet the firſt ſurmounted the laſt, and ſhe grew to impatient Ravings whenever ſhe caſt a Thought upon her Fear that *Philander* grew cold; and poſſibly Pride and Vanity had as great a ſhare in that concern of hers as Love it ſelf, for ſhe wou'd

oft ſurvey her ſelf in her Glaſs, and cry, *Gods! Can this Beauty be deſpis'd! this Shape! this Face! this Youth! this Air!* and *what's more obliging yet, a Heart that adores the Fugitive, that languiſhes and ſighs after the dear* Run-away. *Is it poſſible he can find a Beauty,* added ſhe, *of greater Perfection*—*But oh, 'tis fancy ſets the rate on Beauty; and he may as well love a third time as he has a ſecond. For in Love, thoſe that once break the Rules and Laws of that Deity ſet no bounds to their Treaſons, and diſobedience. Yes, yes*—would ſhe cry, *he that cou'd leave* Mertilla *the fair, the young, the Noble, Chaſt and Fond* Mertilla, *what after that may he not do to* Silvia, *on whom he has leſs Tyes, leſs Obligations: Oh wretched Maid*—*what has thy fondneſs done! he's ſatiated now with thee, as before with* Mertilla, *and carries all thoſe*

dear

dear, those charming Joys, to some new Beauty, whom his Looks have conquer'd, and whom his soft bewitching Vows will ruin. With that she rav'd and stamp'd, and cry'd aloud, *Hell——Fires——Tortures——Daggers——Racks and Poyson-come all to my Relief! Revenge me on the perjur'd lovely Devil——But I'll be brave——I will be brave and hate him*——This she spoke in a Tone less fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paus'd and walk'd above a hasty turn or two, but *Octavio*, as impatient as Love cou'd make him, entred the Chamber, so dress't, so set out for Conquest, that I wonder at nothing more than that *Sylvia* did not find him altogether Charming, and fit for her revenge who was form'd by Nature for Love, and had all that cou'd render him the Dotage of Women: But where a Heart is pre-

poſſeſt, all that is Beautiful in any other Man ſerves but as an ill compariſon to what it loves, and even *Philander*'s likeneſs, that was not indeed *Philander*, wanted the ſecret to charm. At *Octavio*'s entrance ſhe was ſo fixt on her Revenge of Love, that ſhe did not ſee him who preſented himſelf as ſo proper an Inſtrument, till he firſt ſighing, ſpoke, *Ah*, Silvia, *ſhall I never ſee that Beauty eaſie more? Shall I never ſee it reconcil'd to content, and a ſoft Calmneſs fix'd upon thoſe Eyes, which were form'd for Looks all tender and ſerene; or are they reſolv'd*, (continu'd he ſighing) *never to appear but in ſtorms when I approach?* *Yes*, reply'd ſhe, *when there's a Calm of Love in yours that raiſes it. Will you confine my Eyes*, ſaid he, *that are by Nature ſoft? May not their ſilent Language tell you my Heart's ſad*

ſad Story? But ſhe reply'd with a Sigh, *It is not generouſly done* Octavio, *thus to purſue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care, your Promiſes of Friendſhip. Ah, will you uſe* Philander *with ſuch Treachery?* Silvia, ſaid he, *my Flame's ſo juſt and reaſonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you; and after that dare love you on——— And would you* (ſaid ſhe) *to ſatisfie a little ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, forfeit thoſe Vows you've made of Friendſhip to* Philander? *That Heart that loves you,* Silvia (he reply'd) *cannot be guilty of ſo baſe a thought;* Philander *is my Friend, and as he is ſo, ſhall know the deareſt Secrets of my Soul. I ſhou'd believe my ſelf indeed ungrateful* (continu'd he) *where-e'er I lov'd, ſhou'd I not tell* Philander: *be told me frankly all his Soul, his Loves, his Griefs, his Treaſons, and Eſcapes, and in return I'll pay him*

back with mine; and do you Imagine (ſaid ſhe) *that he would permit your Love? How ſhou'd he hinder me* (reply'd he) *I do believe* (ſaid ſhe) *he'd forfeit all his ſafety and his friendſhip, and fight ye: Then I'd defend my ſelf,* ſaid he, *if he were ſo ungrateful.* While they thus argued, *Silvia* had her Thoughts apart, on the little Stratagems that Women in love ſometimes make uſe of; and *Octavio* no ſooner told her he would ſend *Philander* word of his Love; but ſhe imagin'd that ſuch a Knowledge might retrieve the Heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as uſually it does from ſuch occaſions; and on the other ſide ſhe thought that ſhe might more allowably receive *Octavio*'s Addreſſes, when they were with the permiſſion of *Philander*, if he could

could love so well to permit it, and if he could not, she should have the Joy to undeceive her Fears of his Inconstancy, tho she banish'd for ever the agreeable *Octavio*, so that on *Octavio*'s farther urging the necessity of his giving *Philander* that sure Mark of his Friendship, she permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table, where there stood a little Silver Scrutore which contain'd all things for his purpose.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

SInce I have vow'd you my eternal Friendship: and that I absolutely believe my self honour'd with that of yours, I think my self oblig'd by those powerf I

tyes to let you know my Heart, not only now as that Friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing but as a Rival too, whom in Honour I ought to treat as a Generous one: Perhaps you will be so unkind as to say I cannot be a friend and a Rival at the same time, and that almighty love that sets the world at odds, chases all things from the heart where that reigns, to establish it self the more absolutely there; but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that good Nature, that can indure the equal sway of friendship where like two perfect Friends they support each others Empire there; nor can the Glory of one eclipse that of the other, but both like the Notion we have of the Deity; tho two distinct Passions, make but one in my Soul, and tho' Friendship first enter'd, 'twas in vain I call'd it to my aid, at the first,

first soft Invasion of *Silvia*'s power; and you my charming friend, are the most oblig'd to, pity me, who already know so well the force of her Beauty. I wou'd fain have you think, I strove at first with all my Reason against the irresistible lustre of her Eyes, And at the first assaults of Love, I gave him not a welcom to my Bosom, but like Slaves unus'd to fetters, I grew sullen with my Chains, and wore 'em for your sake uneasily. I thought it base to look upon the Mistress of my Friend with wishing Eyes; but softer Love soon furnish'd me with Arguments to justifie my Claim, since Love is not the choice but the face of the Soul, who seldom regards the object lov'd as 'tis, but as it wishes to have it be, and then kind fancy makes it soon the same. Love, that almighty creator of something from

from nothing, forms a Wit, a Hero, or a Beauty, Vertue, good Humour, Honour, any Excellence, when oftentimes there's neither in the Object, but where the agreeing World has fix'd all these; and 'tis by all resolv'd, (whether they love or not) That this is she, you ought no more *Philander* to upbraid my Flame, than to wonder at it: It is enough I tell you that 'tis *Silvia*, to justifie my Passion: nor is't a Crime that I confess I love, since it can never rob *Philander* of the least part of what I've vow'd him, or if his meer Honour will believe me guilty of a Fault: let this atone for all, that if I wrong my Friend in loving *Silvia*, I right him in despairing; for oh, I am repuls'd with all the Rigour of the Coy, and Fair, with all the little Malice of the witty Sex, and

and all the Love of *Silvia* to *Philander*,——There, there's the ſtop to all my Hopes and Happineſs, and yet by Heaven I love thee, oh thou favour'd Rival!

After this frank Confeſſion, my *Philander*, I ſhould be glad to hear your Sentiment, ſince yet in ſpight of Love, in ſpight of Beauty I am reſolv'd

To die Philander's

Conſtant Friend, Octavio.

After he had writ this, he gave it to *Silvia*: *See, charming Creature*, (ſaid he in delivering it) *if after this you either doubt my Love or what I dare for* Silvia. *I neither receive it* (ſaid ſhe) *as a proof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe by this frank Confeſſion, to render it as a piece of Gallantry*

and

and Diverſion to Philander; *for no Man of ſenſe will imagine that love, true, or arriv'd to any height, that makes a publick Confeſſion of it to his Rival. Ah,* Silvia, anſwer'd he, *How malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed miſchief on me? had I not writ, you wou'd have ſaid I durſt not; and when I make a Declaration of it, you call it only a ſlight piece of Gallantry: But,* Silvia, *you have wit enough to try it a thouſand ways, and power enough to make me obey; uſe the extremity of both, ſo you recompence me at laſt with a Confeſſion that I was at leaſt found worthy to be numbred in the Crowd of your Adorers.* Silvia reply'd, *He were a dull Lover indeed, that wou'd need Inſtructions from the Wit of his Miſtreſs to give her Proofs of his Paſſion, whatever opinion you have of my Senſe, I have too good a one of* Octavio's *to believe*

lieve that when he's a Lord he'll want Aids to make it appear, till then we'll let that Argument alone, and consider his address to Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which she like'd very well for her purpose; for at this time our young Dutch *Hero* was made a property of, on order to her Revenge on *Philander*: She told him, *He had said too much both for himself and her.* He told her, *He had declared nothing with his Pen, that he would not make good with his Sword. Hold, Sir,* said she, *and do not imagine from the freedom you have taken in owning your passion to* Philander, *that I shall allow it here: what you declare to the World is your own Crime; but when I hear it, 'tis no longer yours but mine; I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with so great a Sin against* Philander, *and I confess to you*

you I shall be infinitely troubl'd to be oblig'd to banish you my sight for ever. He heard her, and answer'd with a sigh; for she went from him to the Table, and seal'd her Letter, and gave it him to be inclos'd to *Philander*; and left him to consider on her last Words, which he did not lay to Heart, because he fansi'd she spoke this as Women do that will be won with industry: he in standing up as she went from him, saw himself in the great Glass, and bid his Person answer his Heart, which from every view he took, was reinforced with new Hope, for he was too good a judge of Beauty not to find it in every part of his own Amiable Person, nor could he imagine from *Silvia*'s Eyes, which were naturally soft and languishing, and now the more so from her Fears and Jealousies) that she meant

meant from her Heart the Rigours she expres'd: Much he allow'd for his short time of Courtship, much to her Sexes Modesty, much from her Quality, and very much from her Love, and imagin'd it must be only time and assiduity, opportunity and obstinate Passion, that was only capable of reducing her to break her Faith with *Philander*; he therefore endeavour'd by all the good dressing, the advantage of lavish gayety, to render his Person agreeable, and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his Conversation, and when he cou'd handsomly bring in Love, he fail'd not to touch upon it as far as it wou'd be permitted, and every day had the vanity to fancy he made some Advances; for indeed every day more and more she found she might have use for so considerable

a Person, so that one may very well say, never any past their time better than *Silvia* and *Octavio*, tho with different ends. All he had now to fear was from the answer *Philander's* Letter should bring, for whom he had in spight of Love, so intire a Friendship that he even doubted whether, (if *Philander* could urge Reasons potent enough) he should not chuse to die and quit *Silvia* rather than be false to Friendship; one Post past, and another, and so eight successive ones, before they receiv'd one Word of Answer to what they sent; so that *Silvia*, who was the most impatient of her Sex, and the most in Love, was raving and acting all the extravagance of despair, and even *Octavio* now became less pleasing, yet he fail'd not to visit her every day to send her rich Presents

and

and to say all that a fond Lover, or a faithful Friend might urge for her relief; At last *Octavio* receiv'd this following Letter.

Philander *to* Octavio.

YOU have shew'd, *Octavio*, a Freedom so generous, and so beyond the usual Measures of a Rival, that 'twere almost injustice in me not to permit you to love on; if *Silvia* can be false to me and all her Vows, she is not worth preserving; if she prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*, then he has greater merit and deserves her best: But if on the contrary she be just, if she be true and constant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, so either way *Octavio* has my leave to love the charming *Silvia*; alas I know her power

Power, and do not wonder at thy Fate! for 'tis as natural for her to conquer, as 'tis for youth to yield, oh she has Fascination in her Eyes! a Spell upon her Tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her Air and Motion all Snares for heedless Hearts; her very Faults have Charms, her Pride, her Peevishness, and her Disdain, have unresisted Power. Alas, you find it every Day——and every Night she sweeps the Toore along, and shews the Beauty, she inslaves the Men, and rivals all the Women! how oft with Pride and Anger I have seen it; and was the inconsidering Coxcomb then to rave and rail at her, to curse her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charms, and bully'd every Gazer: By Heaven I could not spare a Smile, a Look, and she has such a lavish Freedom

in

in her Humour; that if thou chance to love as I have done—'twill surely make thee mad; if she but talk'd aloud, or put her little Affectation on, to shew the wondering Crowd what she could do; if she design'd to shew the force of Beauty, Oh God! How lost in Rage! How mad with Jealousie, was my fond breaking Heart! my Eyes grew fierce, and Clamorous my Tongue! and I have scarce contain'd my self from hurting what I so much ador'd; but then the subtil Charmer had such Arts to flatter me to Peace again—to clasp her lovely Arms about my Neck——to sigh a thousand dear confirming Vows into my Bosom, and kiss, and smile, and swear—— and talk away my Rage,—and then—Oh my *Octavio*, no human Fancy can present the Joy of the dear reconciling

moment

moment, where little quarrels rais'd the rapture higher, and she was always new. These are the wondrous Pains, and wondrous Pleasures that Love by turns inspires, till it grows wise by time and repetition, and then the God assumes a serious Gravity, Injoyment takes off the uneasie keeness of the Passion, the little jealous Quarrels raise no more; Quarrels the very Feathers of Love's Darts, that send 'em with more swiftness to the heart; and when they cease, your transports lessen too; then we grow reasonable, and consider; we love with prudence then, as Fencers fight with Foyls; a sullen brush perhaps sometimes or so; but nothing that can touch the Heart, and when we are arriv'd to love at that dull, easie rate, we never die of that Disease; then we've recourse to all the little Arts,

the

the Aids of Flatterers, and dear Diſſimulation (that Help meet to the Luke warm Lover) to keep up a good Character of Conſtancy and a right underſtanding

Thus, *Octavio*, I have ran thro' both the degrees of Love; which I have taken ſo often, that I am grown moſt learn'd and able in the Art: my eaſie heart is of the Conſtitution of thoſe whom frequent Sickneſs renders apt to take Relapſes from every little Cauſe, or wind, that blows too fiercely on 'em, it renders it ſelf to the firſt Effects of new ſurprizing Beauty, and finds ſuch pleaſure in beginning Paſſion, ſuch dear delight of fancying new Enjoyment, that all paſt Loves, paſt Vows and Obligations, have power to bind no more; no Pity, no Remorſe, no threatning danger invades my amorous Courſe;

I ſcour along the Flow'ry Plains of Love, view all the charming Proſpect at a diſtance, which repreſents it ſelf all Gay and Glorious! and long to lay me down, to ſtretch and bask in thoſe dear Joys that Fancy makes ſo raviſhing: Nor am I one of thoſe dull whining Slaves, whom quality or my reſpect can awe into a ſilent Cringer, and no more; no, Love, Youth, and oft Succeſs has taught me boldneſs and Art, Deſire and Cunning to attack, to ſearch the feeble ſide of female Weakneſs, and there to play Love's Engines; for Women will be won, they will, *Octavio*, if Love and Wit find any opportunitty.

Perhaps, my Friend, you're wondring now, what this Diſcourſe, this odd diſcovery of my own Inconſtancy tends to? Then ſince I cannot better pay you back the ſecret you

you have told me of your Love, than by another of my own, take this Confeſſion from thy Friend — I love! — I languiſh! and am dying, — for a new Beauty. To you, *Octavio*, you that have liv'd twenty dull tedious years, and never underſtood the Myſtery of Love, till *Silvia* taught you to adore; this change may ſeem a wonder, you that have laſily run more than half your youths gay courſe of Life away, without the pleaſure of one nobler hour of mine; who like a Miſer hoard your ſacred Store, or ſcantily have dealt it but to one, think me a laviſh Prodigal in Love, and gravely will reproach me with inconſtancy — but uſe me like a Friend, and hear my Story.

It happen'd in my laſt Days Journey, on the Road I overtook a Man of Quality, for ſo his E-

quipage confeſs'd, we join'd and fell into diſcourſe of many things indifferent; till from a Chain of one thing to another, we chanc'd to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I ſoon found him a *Cæſarian*; for he grew hot with his Concern for that Prince, and fiercely own'd his Int'reſt: This pleas'd me, and I grew familiar with him; and I pleas'd him ſo well in my Devotion for *Cæſario*, that being arriv'd at *Collen*, he invites me home to his Palace, which he begg'd I would make uſe of as my own, during my ſtay at *Collen*. Glad of the opportunity, I obey'd, and ſoon inform'd my ſelf by a Spaniſh Page (that waited on him) to whom I was oblig'd; he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a Spaniard born, and of Quality, who for ſome diſguſt

at

at Court retir'd hither; that he was a Perſon of much Gravity, a great Politician, and very Rich; and tho' well in years was lately married to a very beautiful young Lady, and that very much againſt her conſent, a Lady whom he had taken out of a Monaſtery, where ſhe had been pentioned from a Child, and of whom he was ſo fond and jealous, he never wou'd permit her to ſee or be ſeen by any Man, and if ſhe took the Air in her Coach, or went to Church, he oblig'd her to wear a Veil. Having learn'd thus much of the Boy, I diſmiſs'd him with a preſent; for he had already inſpir'd me with Curioſity, that Prologue to Love, and I knew not of what uſe he might be hereafter; a Curioſity that I was reſolv'd to ſatisfie, though I broke all the Laws of Hoſpitality, and even

that first Night I felt an impatience that gave me some wonder. In fine, three days I languish'd out in a Disorder that was very near allied to that of Love. I found my self magnificently lodg'd; attended with a formal Ceremony; and indeed all things were as well as I cou'd imagine, bating a kind Opportunity to get a sight of this young Beauty: Now half a Lover grown, I sigh'd and grew oppress't with thought, and had recourse to Groves, to shady Walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens afforded variety, the most resembling Nature that ever Art produc'd, and of the most melancholy Recesses, fancying there in some lucky hour, I might incounter what I already so much ador'd in *Idea*; which still I form'd just as my Fancy wish'd, there, for the first

two

two days, I walk'd and sigh'd, and told my new-born Passion to every gentle Wind that play'd among the Boughs; for yet no Lady bright appear'd beneath 'em, no Visionary Nymph the Groves afforded; but on the third day, all full of Love and Stratagem, in the cool of the Evening, I past into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purl'd and murmur'd thro' the Glade, and past into the Meads; this pleas'd and fed my present Amorous Humour, and down I laid my self on the shady Brink, and listen'd to its melancholy glidings, when from behind me, I heard a sound more ravishing, a Voice that sung these Words:

Alas, in vain, you Powers above,
You gave me youth, you gave me
Charms,
And every tender ſenſe of Love;
To deſtine me to old Phileno's *Arms.*
Ah how can Youths gay Spring allow
The chilling kiſſes of the winter's Snow!

All Night I languiſh by his ſide,
And fanſy of joys I never taſte;
As men in Dreams a Feaſt provide,
And waking find with grief they faſt.
Either ye Gods my youthful fires allay,
Or make the old Phileno *young*
and gay.

Like a fair flower in ſhades obſcurity,
Tho every ſweet adorns my head,
Ungather'd, unadmir'd I lie,
And wither on my ſilent gloomy Bed,
While no kind aids to my relief appear,
And no kind Boſom makes me Tri-
umph there.

By

By this you may eaſily gueſs, as I ſoon did, that the Song was ſung by Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divin'd it ſo! I roſe and advanc'd by ſuch ſlow degrees as neither alarm'd the fair Singer, nor hinder'd me the pleaſure of hearing any part of the Song, till I approach'd ſo near as (behind the ſhelter of ſome Jeſſimin that divided us) I unſeen, compleated thoſe Wounds at my Eyes, which I had receiv'd before at my Ears. Yes, *Octavio*, I ſaw the lovely *Clarinau*, leaning on a Pillow made of ſome of thoſe Jeſſimins, which favour'd me, and ſerv'd her for a Canopy. But, oh my Friend! how ſhall I preſent her to thee in that Angel form, ſhe then appear'd to me? all young! all raviſhing as new born light to loſt benighted Tra-

vellers; her Face, the faireſt in the World, was adorn'd with Curls of ſhining Jett ty'd up—I know not how, all careleſsly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with Pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, ſuch as young Royal Brides put on when they undreſs for Joys; her Eyes were black, the ſofteſt Heaven e'er made, her mouth was ſweet, and form'd for all delight, ſo red her Lips, ſo round, ſo grac'd with Dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm deſires about a frozen Heart; a ſprightly Air of Wit compleated all, encreas'd my Flame, and made me mad with Love; endleſs it were to tell thee all her Beauties: Nature all o'er, was laviſh and profuſe, let it ſuffice her Face, her Shape, her Mien, had more of Angel in 'em than Humanity!

manity ! I ſaw her thus all Charming ! thus ſhe lay ! a ſmiling Melancholy dreſs'd her Eyes, which ſhe had fix'd upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying : juſt ſuch I fanſy'd fam'd *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* firſt beheld her ; nor was that Royal Raviſher more inflam'd than I ! or readier for the Encounter. Alone ſhe was which heighten'd my deſires ! Oh Gods ! alone lay the young lovely Charmer, with wiſhing Eyes, and all prepar'd for Love ! the Shade was Gloomy, and the tell tale Leaves combin'd ſo cloſe, they muſt have given us warning if any had approach'd from either ſide ! all favour'd my deſign, and I advanc'd ; but with ſuch caution as not to inſpire her with a fear, inſtead of that of Love ! a ſlow, uneaſie pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes,

and

and burning in my heart—At my approach she scarce contain'd her cries, and rose surpriz'd and blushing, discovering to me such a proportion'd height——so lovely and majestick--that I stood gazing on her, all lost in wonder, and gave her time to dart her Eyes at me, and every look pierc'd deeper to my Soul, and I had no sense but love, silent admiring Love! immoveable I stood, and had no other motion but that of a Heart all panting, which lent a feeble trembling to my Tongue, and even when I wou'd have spoke to her, it sent a sigh up, to prevent my boldness: and, O *Octavio*, tho I have been bred in all the sawcy daring of a forward Lover, yet now I wanted a convenient impudence, aw'd with a haughty sweetness in her Look, like a Fave brave after a vigorous onset, finding the danger flie so thick around him

sheers

sheers off and dares not face the pressing Foe, struck with too fierce a lightning from her Eyes, whence the Gods sent a thousand winged Darts; I veil'd my own, and durst not play with Fire: While thus she hotly did pursue her Conquest, and I stood fix'd on the defensive part, I heard a rustling amongst the thick grown Leaves, and thro' their Mystick windings soon perceiv'd the good old Count of *Clarinau*, approaching, muttering and mumbling to o'd *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treasure, and which, she having left alone in the Thicket, and had retir'd but at an awful distance had most extreamly disoblig'd her Lord. I only had time enough in this little moment, to look with Eyes that ask'd a thousand Pities, and told her in their silent Language

how

how loath they were to leave the Charming Object, and with a ſigh——I vaniſht from the wondering fair One, nimble as Lightning, ſilent as a Shade: To my firſt Poſt behind the Jeſimines, that was the utmoſt that I cou'd perſwade my Heart to do; you may believe, my dear *Octavio*, I did not bleſs the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear Receſs, nor him, nor my own Fate, and to compleat my Torment I ſaw him (after having gravely reproach'd her for being alone without her Woman) yes, I ſaw him fall on her Neck, her lovely ſnowy Neck, and loll and kiſs, and hang his tawny wither'd Arms on her fair Shoulders, and preſs his nauſcious load upon *Caliſta's* Body, (for ſo I heard him name her) while ſhe was gazing ſtill upon the empty place, whence ſhe had

ſeen me vaniſh, which he perceiving, cry'd —— *My little Fool, what is't thou gazeſt on, turn to thy none old Man and buſs him ſoundly* —— when putting him by with a diſdain that half made amends for the injury he had done me by coming. *Ah, my Lord,* cry'd ſhe, *even now, juſt there I ſaw a lovely Viſion, I ne'er beheld ſo excellent a thing*: *How,* cry'd he, *a viſion, a thing* ——— *what Viſion? what thing? where? how? and when*—*Why there,* ſaid ſhe, *with my Eyes, and juſt now, it vaniſh'd behind yon Jeſſimines.* With that I drew my Sword —for I deſpair'd to get off unknown, and being well enough acquainted with the jealous nature of the *Spaniards*, which is no more than ſee and ſtab, I prepar'd to ſtand on my defence, till I cou'd reconcile him, if poſſible, to reaſon; yet even in that moment I

was

was more afraid of the injury he might do the innocent fair One, than of what he cou'd do to me, but he not ſo much as dreaming ſhe meant a Man by her lovely Viſion, fell a kiſſing her a new, and beck'ning *Dormina* off to pimp at diſtance, told her, *The Grove was too ſweet, the River's Murmurs too delicate, and ſhe was ſo curiouſly dreſs'd, that altogether had inſpir'd him with a Love Fit*; and then aſſaulting her a new with a Sneer which you have ſeen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to act the little Tricks of Youth, that look-ed ſo goatiſh in him —— inſtead of kindling 'twould have damp'd a flame, which ſhe reſiſted with a ſcorn ſo charming gave me new hope and fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, Diſdain, and loathing in her Eyes, ſhe fled like *Daphne* from the Raviſher,

er, he being bent on Love, purſu'd her with a feeble pace, like an old Wood-God chaſing ſome coy Nymph, who wing'd with fear out-ſtrips the flying Wind, and tho a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new Love, new Hope, new Jealouſie, Impatience, Sighs, and wiſhes in the abandon'd Grove. Nor cou'd I go without another view of that dear place in which I ſaw her lie, I went—and laid me down juſt on the print which her fair Body made, and preſs'd, and kiſs'd it o'er a thouſand times, with eager Tranſports, and even fanſy'd fair *Caliſta* there; there 'twas I found the Paper with the Song which I have ſent you; there I ran o'er a thouſand Stratagems to gain another View; no little States men had more Plots and Arts than I to gain this Object I

ador'd,

ador'd the ſoft Idea of my burning Heart, now raging wild, abandon'd all to Love and looſe deſire, but hitherto my Induſtry is vain; each day I haunt the thickeſt Groves and Springs, the flow'ry Walks, cloſe Arbors, all the day my buſie Eyes and Heart are ſearching her, but no intelligence they bring me in: In fine, *Octavio*, all that I can ſince learn is, That the bright *Caliſta* had ſeen a Viſion in the Garden, and ever ſince was ſo poſſeſt with melancholy, that ſhe had not ſince quitted her Chamber, ſhe is daily preſſing the Count to permit her to go into the Garden, to ſee if ſhe can again encounter the lovely *Phantom*, but whether from any Deſcription ſhe hath made of it, (or from any other cauſe) he imagines how it was, I know not; but he endeavours all he can to hinder

hinder her, and tells her 'tis not lawful to tempt Heaven by invoking an Apparition; so that till a second view eases the Torments of my mind, there is nothing in nature to be conceiv'd so raving mad as I; as if my despairs of finding her again increas'd my impatient Flame instead of lessening it.

After this Declaration Judge, *Octavio*, who has given the greatest Proofs of his Friendship, you or I; you being my Rival, trust me with the Secret of loving my Mistress, which can no way redound to your disadvantage, but I by telling you the Secrets of my Soul, put it into your power to ruin me with *Silvia*, and to establish your self in her Heart: a Thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an ambition in my Love, that wou'd not

not while I am toyling for Empire here, loſe my Dominion in another place: but ſince I can no more rule a Woman's Heart, than a Lovers Fate, both you and *Silvia* may deceive my Opinion in that, but ſhall never have power to make me believe you leſs my Friend, than I am

Your *Philander.*

POSTSCRIPT.

The inclos'd I need not oblige you to deliver; you ſee I give you opportunity.

Octavio no ſooner arriv'd to that part of the Letter which nam'd the Count of *Clarinau*, but he ſtopp'd and was ſcarce able to proceed, for the charming *Caliſta* was his Siſter, the only one he had, who

who having been bred in a Nunnery, was taken thence to be married to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divin'd this was the new Amour that had engag'd the Heart of his Friend; he was afraid to be farther convinc'd, and yet a Curiosity to know how far he had proceeded made him read it out with all the disorder of a Man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he consider'd her young, about eighteen, married to an old ill-favour'd jealous Husband, no Parents but himself to right her Wrongs, or revenge her Levity; he knew tho' she wanted no Wit she did Art, for being bred without the Conversation of Men, she had not learnt the little Cunnings of her Sex; he gues's'd by his own Soul that hers was soft and

apt

apt for impreſſion, he judg'd from her Confeſſion to her Husband of the Viſion, that ſhe had a ſimple Innocence, that might betray a young Beauty under ſuch Circumſtances; to all this he conſider'd the Charms of *Philander* unreſiſtable, his unwearied induſtry in Love, and concludes his Siſter loſt. At firſt he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but ſoon thought it unreaſonable to accuſe himſelf of an Injuſtice, and excus'd the frailty of *Philander*, ſince he knew not that ſhe whom he ador'd was Siſter to his Friend; however it fail'd not to poſſeſs him with inquietude that exercis'd all his Wit, to conſider how he might prevent an inſeparable injury to his Honour, and an Intrigue that poſſibly might coſt his Siſter her Life as well as Fame: In midſt

of

of all these Torments he forgot not the more important Business of his Love. For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fix'd on the fair Object of its Adoration, what ever other Thought, Fatigue, and Cloud, his Mind, that like a soft Gleam of new sprung Light, darts in and spreads a Glory all a-round, and like the God of day chears every drooping Vital, yet even these dearer Thoughts wanted not their Torments. At first he strove to atone for the Fears of *Calista*, with those of imagining *Philander* false to *Silvia*: *Well*, cry'd he, —*If thou beest lost*, Calista, *at least thy ruin has laid a Foundation for my Happiness, and every Triumph* Philander *makes of thy Vertue, it the more secures my Empire over* Silvia, *and since thy Brother cannot be happy but by the Sister's being undone, yield thou, O faithless fair one,*

one, yeild to Philander, *and make me bleſt in* Silvia! *And thou* (continu'd he) *Oh perjur'd Lover and inconſtant Friend, glut thy inſatiate flame—riſle* Caliſta *of every Vertue Heaven and Nature gave her, ſo I may but revenge it on thy* Silvia! Pleas'd with this joyful hope, he traverſes his Chamber, glowing and bluſhing with new kindling fire, his Heart that was all gay, defus'd a gladneſs, that expreſs'd it ſelf in every Feature of his lovely Face, his Eyes that were by nature languiſhing, ſhone now with an unuſual Air of Briskneſs, Smiles grac'd his mouth, and dimples dreſt his Face, inſenſibly his buſie Fingers trick and dreſs, and ſet his Hair, and without deſigning it, his Feet are bearing him to *Silvia*, till he ſtepp'd ſhort and wonder'd whither he was going, for yet it was not time to make his Viſit——

Whether

Whither fond Heart, (said he) *O whither wou'dst thou hurry this Slave to thy soft fires!* And now returning back he paws'd and fell to thought—He remembred how impatiently *Silvia* waited the return of the answer he writ to him, wherein he own'd his Passion for that Beauty. He knew she permitted him to write it, more to raise the little brisk Fires of Jealousie in *Philander*, and to set an edge on his blunted Love, than from any Favours she design'd *Octavio*: And that on this answer depended all her Happiness, or the confirmation of her Doubts, and that she wou'd measure *Philander*'s Love by the effects she found there of it: So that never Lover had so hard a Game to play as our new one. He knew he had it now in his power to ruin his Rival, and to make almost his own Terms

with his fair Conquereſs, but he conſider'd the ſecret was not render'd him for ſo baſe an end, nor cou'd his Love advance it ſelf by ways ſo falſe, dull, and criminal,— between each thought he paws'd, and now reſolves ſhe muſt know he ſent an anſwer to his Letter, for ſhou'd ſhe know he had, and that he ſhou'd refuſe her the ſight of it, he believ'd with reaſon ſhe ought to baniſh him for ever her preſence, as the moſt diſobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pawſes on—but no kind thought preſents it ſelf to ſave him; either way he finds himſelf undone, and from the moſt gay, and moſt triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one ſerious thought of right reaſoning, finds he is the moſt miſerable of all the Creation! He reads the Superſcription of that *Philander* writ to *Silvia*, which was incloſ'd in his, and

finds

finds it was directed only — For *Silvia*, which would plainly demonstrate it came not so into *Holland*, but that some other cover secur'd it; so that never any but *Octavio* the most nice in Honour, had ever so great a Contest with Love and Friendship: For his Noble temper was not one of those that cou'd Sacrifice his Friend to his little Lusts, or his more solid Passion, but truly brave, resolves now rather to die than to confess *Philander*'s Secret; to evade which he sent her Letter by his Page, with one from himself, and commanded him to tell her that he was going to receive some commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he wou'd wait on her himself in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* sent him with a Sigh and Eyes, that languishingly told him he did it with regret.

The Page hasting to *Silvia*, finds her in all the disquiet of an expecting Lover; and snatching the Papers from his hand, the first she saw was that from *Philander*, at which she trembl'd with Fear and Joy, for Hope, Love and Despair at once seiz'd her, and hardly able to make a sign with her hand for the Boy to withdraw, she sunk down into her Chair, all pale, and almost fainting; but re-assuming her Courage, she open'd it, and read this.

Philander *to* Silvia.

AH, *Silvia!* Why all these Doubts and Fears? Why at this distance do you accuse your Lover, when he's uncapable to fall before you, and unde-

ceive

ceive your little Jealouſies. Oh, *Silvia*, I fear this firſt reproaching me, is rather the Effects of your own guilt, than any that love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Silvia*, 'tis the Waves that rowl, and glide away, and not the ſteady ſhore. 'Tis you begin to unfaſten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. 'Tis you, whoſe Pride and Beauty ſcorning to be confin'd, give way to the admiring Croud, that ſigh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the reſt of your fair glorious Sex, love the Admirer though you hate the Coxcomb. 'Tis vain! 'tis great! and ſhews your Beauties Power — Is't poſſible, that for the ſafety of my Life, I cannot retire, but you muſt think I'm fled from Love and *Silvia*! or is it poſſible that pitying Tenderneſs

that made me uncapable of taking leave of her ſhou'd be interpreted as falſe —— and baſe, ——— and that an abſence of thirty days, ſo forc'd, and ſo compell'd muſt render me inconſtant — loſt — ungrateful — as if that after *Silvia* Heaven e'er made a Beauty that cou'd charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thouſand faults, 'tis ſhort, 'tis cold, and wants thoſe uſual Softneſſes that gave them all their Welcom, and their Graces. I fear my *Silvia* loves the Flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*: And ſhe conſiders him not for himſelf, but the gay glorious thing he makes of her! Ah! too ſelf-int'reſted! Is that your Juſtice? You ne'er allow for my unhappy Circumſtances, you never think how Care oppreſſes me, nor what my Love contributes

to

to that care. How Buſineſs, Danger, and a thouſand Ills, take up my haraſs'd mind: By every power I love thee ſtill, my *Silvia*, but time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave off Ceremony, and come to cloſer joys, to joyn our Intereſt now, as people fix'd, reſolv'd to live and die together; to weave our Thoughts, and be united ſtronger. At firſt we ſhew the gayeſt ſide of Love, dreſs and be nice in every Word and Look, ſet out for Conqueſt all; ſpread every Art, uſe every Stratagem —— but when the Toyl is paſt, and the dear Victory gain'd, we then propoſe a little idle reſt, a little eaſie ſlumber: We then embrace, lay by the gawdy Shew, the Plumes and gilded Equipage of Love, the Trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lo-

ver to your Arms; we ſhew him then uncas'd with all his little diſadvantages; perhaps the flowing Hair, (thoſe Ebony Curls you have ſo often comb'd, and dreſs'd, and kiſs'd) are then put up and ſhew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique Roman than *Philander*, and ſhall I then, becauſe I want a Grace, be thought to love you leſs; becauſe the embroider'd Coat, the Point and Garniture's laid by, muſt I put off my Paſſion with my Dreſs? No, *Silvia*, Love allows a thouſand little Freedoms, allows me to unboſom all my Secrets; tell thee my Wants, my fears, complaints and dangers, and think it great relief if thou but ſigh and pity me: And oft thy charming Wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my pain. O where ſhall I unload my weight of cares, when *Silvia*, who was wont

to

to ſigh and weep, and ſuffer me to eaſe the heavy burden, now grows diſpleas'd and peeviſh with my Moans, and calls them the Effects of dying Love! inſtead of thoſe dear Smiles, that fond bewitching Prattle, that us'd to calm my roughest ſtorm of Grief, ſhe now reproaches me with coldneſs, want of Concern, and Lovers Rhetorick: And when I ſeem to beg relief, and ſhew my Soul's reſentment, 'tis then I'm falſe; 'tis my Averſion, or the Effects of ſome new kindling Flame: Is this fair dealing, *Silvia*? can I not ſpare a little ſigh from Love, but you muſt think I rob you of your due? If I omit a tender Name by which I us'd to call you, muſt I be thought to loſe that Paſſion that taught me ſuch endearments? And muſt I ne'er reflect upon the ruin both of my Fame and For-

tune, but I muſt run the risk of loſing *Silvia* too? O cruelty of Love! Oh too too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent Paſſion can create, when it extends beyond the Bounds of reaſon! Ah too too nicely tender *Silvia*, that will not give me leave to caſt a thought back on my former Glory; yet even that loſs I cou'd ſupport with tameneſs and content, if I believ'd my ſuffering reach'd only to my Heart; but *Silvia*, if ſhe love, muſt feel my Torments too, muſt ſhare my loſs, and want a thouſand Ornaments, my ſinking Fortune cannot purchaſe her: Believe me, Charming Creature, if I ſhou'd love you leſs, I have a ſenſe ſo juſt of what you've ſuffered for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Galley-ſlave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their due, but as

I am thy Faithful Lover ſtill, depend upon that Fortune Heaven has left me; which if thou canſt (as thou haſt often ſworn) then thou wou'dſt ſubmit to be cheerful ſtill, be gay and confident, and do not judge my Heart by little Words, my Heart——too great and fond for ſuch poor Demonſtrations.

You ask me, *Silvia*, where I am, and what I do; and all I can ſay is, that at preſent I am ſafe from any fears of being deliver'd up to *France* and what I do is ſighing, dying, grieving; I want my *Silvia*; but my Circumſtances, yet have nothing to incourage that hope; when I reſolve where to ſettle, you ſhall ſee what haſte I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear Pledge of our ſoft hours advances. I mean

what

what I believe I left thee poſſeſs'd of, a young *Philander*: Cheriſh it, *Silvia*, for that's a certain Obligation to keep a dying Fire alive, be ſure you do it no hurt by your unneceſſary grief, tho there needs no other tie but that of Love to make me more entirely

Your Philander.

If *Silvia*'s Fears were great before ſhe open'd the Letter, what were her pains when all thoſe Fears were confirmed from that never failing mark of a declining Love, the coldneſs and alteration of the Stile of Letters, that firſt Symptom of a dying Flame? *Oh where*, ſaid ſhe, *where, Oh perjur'd Charmer, is all that Ardency that us'd to warm the Reader? Where is all that natural Innocence of Love that cou'd not, even to diſco-*

ver

ver and expreſs a Grace in Elo-quence, force one ſoft Word, or one Paſſion. Oh, continu'd ſhe, *he is loſt and gone from* Silvia *and his Vows; ſome other has him all, claſps that dear body, hangs upon that Face, gazes upon his Eyes, and liſtens to his Voice, when he is looking, ſighing, ſwearing, dying, lying and damning of himſelf for ſome new Beauty —— He is, I'll not endure it, aid me* Antonett! *Oh where's the perjur'd Traytor? Antonett,* who was waiting on her, ſeeing her riſe on the ſudden in ſo great a Fury wou'd have ſtaid her haſty Turns and Ravings, beſeeching her to tell her what was the occaſion, and by a diſcovery to eaſe her Heart, but ſhe with all the Fury imaginable, flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and ſnatching up a Pen-knife, had certainly ſent it to her Heart, had not

not *Antonett* ſtepp'd to her and caught her Hand, which ſhe reſiſted not, but bluſhing reſign'd, with telling her ſhe was aſham'd of her own Cowardize, *For*, ſaid ſhe, *if I had deſign'd to have been brave, I had ſent you off, and by a Noble Reſolution have freed this Slave within* (ſtriking her Breaſt) *from a Tyranny which it ſhou'd diſdain to ſuffer under*: With that ſhe rag'd about the Chamber with broken Words and imperfect Threatnings; unconſider'd Imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths: at which *Antonett* redoubl'd her Petition to know the cauſe; and ſhe reply'd—Philander! *the dear, the ſoft, the fond and charming* Philander *is now no more the ſame.* O, Antonett, ſaid ſhe, *didſt thou but ſee this Letter compar'd to thoſe of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new deſire dreſs'd*

his

his ſoft Eyes in tears, and taught his Tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender Word had more of Paſſion than Volumes of this forc'd, this trifling buſineſs. O, thou woud'ſt ſay I were the wretcheſt thing that Nature ever made—— Oh thou woud'ſt curſe as I do—— Not the dear Murderer, but thy Frantick ſelf, thy mad, deceiv'd, believing, eaſie ſelf; if thou wert ſo undone—— Then while ſhe wept ſhe gave *Antonett* liberty to ſpeak, which was to perſwade her, her fears were vain; ſhe urg'd every argument of Love ſhe had been Witneſs to, and cou'd not think it poſſible he cou'd be falſe: To all which the ſtill weeping *Silvia* lent a willing Ear: For Lovers are much enclin'd to believe every thing they wiſh. *Antonett* having a little calm'd her, continu'd telling her, that to be better convinc'd

convinc'd of his Love or his Perfidy, ſhe ought to have Patience till *Octavio* ſhou'd come to viſit her, *For you have forgotten, Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *that that generous Rival has ſent him Word he is your Lover*: For *Antonett* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any thing the open-hearted *Silvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women, who have made a Breach in their Honour, are ſeldom ſo careful of their reſt of Fame, as thoſe who have a Stock entire; and *Silvia* believ'd after ſhe had truſted the Secret of one Amour to her diſcretion, ſhe might conceal none. *See Madam*, ſays *Antonett*, *here is a Letter yet unread*: *Silvia*, who had been a great while impatient for the return of *Octavio*'s Anſwer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the confirmation of all her

her doubts, haſtily ſnatch'd the Letter out of *Antonett*'s hand, and read it, hoping to have found ſomething there to have eas'd her Soul one way or other; a Soul the moſt raging and haughty by Nature, that ever poſſeſt a Body: the words were theſe:

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AT leaſt you'll pity me, Oh charming *Silvia*, when you ſhall call to mind the cruel Services I am oblig'd to render you, to be the Meſſenger of Love from him whom Beauty and that God plead ſo ſtrongly for already in your Heart.

If after this, you can propoſe a Torture that yet may ſpeak my Paſſion and Obedience in any higher meaſure, command and try

try my Fortitude, for I too well divine, O rigorous Beauty, the buſineſs of your Love-ſick Slave will be, only to give you Proofs how much he does adore you, and ne'er to taſte a Joy, even in a diſtant Hope, like Lamps in Urns my laſting Fire muſt burn, without one kind material to ſupply it. Ah *Silvia*, if e'er it be your wretched Fate to ſee the Lord of all your Vows given to another's Arms—When you ſhall ſee in thoſe ſoft Eyes that you adore a Languiſhment and Joy, if you but name another Beauty to him:——When you behold his Bluſhes fade and riſe at the approaches of another Miſtreſs.—Hear broken Sighs and unaſſur'd replies, when e'er he anſwers ſome new Conquereſs: tremblings, and Pantings ſeizing every part at the warm touch as of a ſecond Charmer

mer. Ah, *Silvia*, do but do me juſtice then, and ſighing ſay—I pity poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the bleſt *Philander*, which I had brought my ſelf, but cannot bear the torment of that Joy that I ſhall ſee advancing in your Eyes when you ſhall read it o'er—no—'tis too much that I imagine all! yet bleſs that patient fondneſs of my Paſſion that makes me ſtill

Your Slave, and

Your Adorer,

Octavio.

At finiſhing this, the jealous fair One redoubl'd her Tears with ſuch violence, that 'twas in vain her Woman ſtrove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reaſonable

able Arguments she cou'd bring to her Aid, and *Silvia* to encrease it, read again the latter part of the ominous Letter; which she wet with the Tears that stream'd from her bright Eyes. *Yes, yes,* (cry'd she laying the Letter down) *I know,* Octavio, *this is no Prophesie of yours, but a known Truth: Alas, you know too well the fatal time's already come, when I shall find these changes in* Philander! *Ah Madam,* reply'd Antonett, *How curious are you to search out torments for your own Heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you understand the Arts and Politicks of Love? Alas, Madam,* continu'd she, *you your self have arm'd my Lord* Octavio *with those Weapons that wound you: The last time he writ to my Lord* Philander, *he found you possess'd with a thousand Fears and Jealousies: of*

these

these he took advantage to attack his Rival; for what Man is there so dull that wou'd not assault his Enemy in that part where the most considerable mischief may be done him; 'tis now Octavio's *Interest, and his Business to render* Philander *false, to give you all the Umbrage that is possible of so powerful a Rival, and to say any thing that may render him hateful to you, or at least to make him love you less. Away,* reply'd *Silvia* (with an uneasie Smile) *how foolish are thy Reasonings, for were it possible I cou'd love* Philander *less, is it to be imagin'd, that shou'd make way for* Octavio *in my Heart, or any, after that dear Deceiver? No doubt of it,* reply'd Antonett, *but that very effect it would have on your Heart; for Love in the Soul of a witty Person is like a Scain of Silk; to unwind it from the Bottom,*

you

you must wind it on another or it runs into Confusion and becomes of no use, and then of course, as one lessens the other encreases, and what Philander *loses in Love,* Octavio, *or some one industrious Lover will most certainly gain:* Oh, reply'd *Silvia, You are a great Philosopher in Love. I should be Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, had I but had a good Memory, for I had a young Church-man once in love with me, who has read many a Philosophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the rest he us to say the Soul was all compos'd of Love. I us'd to ask him then, if it were form'd of so soft Materials, how it came to pass that we were no oftner in love, or why so many were so long before they lov'd, and others who never lov'd at all? No question but he answer'd you wisely,* said *Silvia* carelessly and sighing, with her thoughts

thoughts but half attentive. *Marry, and so he did*, cry'd *Antonett, at least I thought so then, because I loved a little*. He said, *Love of it self was unactive, but 'twas inform'd by Object; and then too that Object must depend on fancy; (for Souls, tho' all Love, are not to love all:) Now Fancy*, he said, *was sometimes nice, humorous, and fantastick, which is the reason we so often love those of no merit, and despise those that are most excellent; and sometimes Fancy guides us to like neither; he us'd to say Women were like Misers, though they had always Love in store, they seldom car'd to part with it, but on very good interest and security*, Cent per Cent, *most commonly Heart for Heart at least; and for security he said we were most times too unconscionable, we ask'd Vows at least, at worst Matrimony.*——Half angry, *Silvia*

cry'd,

cry'd —— *and what's all this to my loving again? Oh* Madam, reply'd *Antonett, He said a Woman was like a Gameſter, if on the winning hand, hope, int'reſt, and vanity made him play on, beſides the pleaſure of the Play it ſelf; if on the loſing, then he continu'd throwing at all to ſave a Stake at laſt, if not to recover all; ſo either way they find occaſion to continue the Game. But oh,* ſaid *Silvia,* ſighing, *What ſhall that Gameſter ſet, who has already play'd for all ſhe had, and loſt it at a caſt? Oh,* Madam, reply'd *Antonett, The Young and Fair find Credit every where, there's ſtill a Proſpect of a return, and that Gameſter that plays thus upon the tick is ſure to loſe but little; and if they win, 'tis all clear gains. I find,* ſaid *Silvia, you are a good manager in Love; you are for the frugal part of it. Faith, Madam,* ſaid *Antonett, I am in*

deed

deed of that Opinion, that love and int'rest always do best together, as two most excellent Ingredients in that rare Art of preserving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and int'rest gives us all the advantage of dress, without which Beauty is lost, and of little use. Love wou'd have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and money alone can render us so, and we find no Women want Lovers so much as those who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the necessary trifles of Gallantry. Of this last opinion I find you your self to be; for even when Octavio comes, on whose Heart you have no design, I see you dress to the best advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this, but that even [illegible] your self, you have a secret Joy and pleasure in gaining Conquests, and of being ador'd and thought the most

Charming of your Sex. That is not from the inconſtancy of my Heart, cry'd *Silvia, but from the little vanity of our Natures. Oh Madam,* reply'd *Antonett, there is no Friend to Love like Vanity; it is the falſeſt betrayer of a Woman's Heart, of any Paſſion or Humour ſhe can be guilty of, not Love it ſelf betrays her ſooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and, Madam, I wou'd I might have the pleaſure of my next wiſh, when I find you not only liſtning to the love of* Octavio, *but even approving it too. Away,* reply'd *Silvia,* in frowning, *your Mirth grows rude and troubleſome,—Go bid the Page wait while I return an anſwer to what his Lord has ſent me.* So ſitting at the Table ſhe diſmiſs'd *Antonett,* and writ this following Letter.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Find *Octavio* this little Gallantry of yours, of ſhewing me the Lover, ſtands you in very great ſtead, and ſerves you upon all occaſions for abundance of uſes; amongſt the reſt, 'tis no ſmall obligation you have to it, for furniſhing you with handſom pretences to keep from thoſe who importune you, and from giving 'em that ſatisfaction by your Council and Converſation which poſſibly the unfortunate may have need of ſometimes; and when you are preſs'd and oblig'd to render me the Friendſhip of your Viſits, this neceſſary ready love of yours, is the only evaſion you have for the anſwering a thouſand little queſtions I ask you of *Philander*; whoſe

Heart I am afraid you know much better than *Silvia* does. I cou'd almoſt wiſh, *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your Paſſion were true, that my Commands might be of Force ſufficient to compel you to reſolve my Heart in ſome doubts that oppreſs it: And indeed if you would have me believe the one, you muſt obey me in the other; to which end I conjure you to haſten to me, for ſomething of an unuſual coldneſs in *Philander*'s Letter, and ſome Ominous Divinations in yours, have put me on a rack of Thought; from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me; this you dare not deny, if you value the repoſe of

Silvia.

She

She read it over, and was often about to tear it, fancying it was too kind: But when she consider'd 'twas from no other inclination of her Heart than that of getting the Secrets out of his, she pardon'd her self the little levity she found it guilty of; all which, considering as the effects of the violent Passion she had for *Philander*, she found it easie to do, and sealing it she gave it to *Antonett* to deliver to the Page, and set her self down to ease her Soul of its heavy weight of grief, by her complaints to the dear Author of her Pain; for when a Lover is insupportably afflicted, there is no ease like that of writing to the Person lov'd: And that all that comes uppermost in the Soul, for true love is all unthinking artless speaking, incorrect disorder, and without Method, as 'tis

without Bounds or Rules, such were *Silvia*'s unstudy'd thoughts. and such her following Letter.

Silvia *to* Philander.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I consider all thy past tender Vows, when I reflect how thou hast lov'd and sworn. Methinks I hear the Musick of thy voice still whispering in my Bosom; methinks the charming softness of thy Words remain like lessning Echo's on my Soul, whose distant Voices by degrees decay, till they be heard no more! Alas I've read thy Letter o'er and o'er, and turn'd the sense a thousand several ways, and all to make it speak and look like Love——— O I have flatter'd it with all my Art. Sometimes I fansy'd my ill

reading

reading ſpoil'd it, and then I tun'd my Voice to ſofter Notes, and read it o'er again; but ſtill the Words appear'd too rough and harſh for any moving Air, which way ſoe'er I chang'd, which way ſoe'er I queſtion'd it of Love, it anſwer'd in ſuch Language—as others wou'd perhaps interpret Love, or ſomething like it; but I who've heard the very God himſelf ſpeak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen, when all the Eloquence of moving Angels flow'd from thy charming Tongue! when I have ſeen thee fainting at my Feet, (whil'ſt all Heaven open'd in thy glorious face) and now and then ſigh out a trembling Word; in which there was contain'd more Love, more Soul, than all the Arts of ſpeaking ever found. What Senſe! Oh what reflections

must I make on this decay, this strange —— this sudden alteration in thee? But that the cause is fled, and the effect is ceas'd, the God retir'd, and all the Oracles silenc'd! Confess —— oh thou eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every Hour, and every tender Joy, renders more dear and lovely —— Tell me why (if thou still lov'st me, and lov'st as well) does love not dict te to thee as before! Dost thou want words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old ones o'er ten thousand times, such repetitions are Loves Rhetorick! How often have I ask'd thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms, clasping thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kisses on thy Cheeks, and taking in the breath, that sight from thine? How often have I

ask'd

ask'd this little but important question of thee? *Does my* Philander *love me*? then kiss thee for thy *Yes* and Sighs, and ask again, and still my Soul was ravisht with new Joy, when thou wou'dst answer, *Yes*; *I love thee dearly*! and if I thought you spoke it with a Tone that seem'd less soft and fervent than I wish'd; I ask'd so often, till I made thee answer in such a Voice as I wou'd wish to hear it; all this had been impertinent and foolish in any thing but Love, to any but a Lover: But oh—give me the impertinence of Love! talk little nonsense to me all the Day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will please and charm my Love sick Heart better than all fine Sense and reasoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new accident, what powerful misfortune

has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienc'd yet? cou'd drive the little God out of thy Heart, and make thee ſo unlike my ſoft *Philander*? What place contains thee, or what pleaſures eaſe thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious day without thy *Silvia*. How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou liv'ſt, art patient, tame, and well; thou talk'ſt not now of Ravings, or of Dying, but look'ſt about thee like a well pleas'd Conqueror after the Toils of Battel — Oh I have known a time —— but let me never think upon it more! it cannot be remembred without madneſs! What think thee fallen from Love! to think that I muſt never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in ſoft Sighs of Love? A thouſand dear Expreſſions by which I knew the

the Story of thy Heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting——Never to see thy Eyes fix'd on my Face——till the soft Showers of joy wou'd gently fall and hang their shining Dew upon thy Looks, then in a Transport snatch me to thy Bosom, and sigh a thousand times e'er thou cou'dst utter——*Ah* Sivia, *how I love thee*—— Oh the dear Eloquence those few short Words contain, when they are sent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all languishing! but now—— alas, thy love is more familiar grown——Oh take the other part o'th' Proverb too, and say 't has bred Contempt, for nothing less than that your Letter shews, but more it do's, and that's indifference less to be born than hate or any thing——

At least be just and let me know my Doom: Do not deceive the Heart

Heart that truſted all thy Vows, if thou be'ſt generous —— if thou let'ſt me know —— thy date of Love —— is out (for Love perhaps as Life has dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canſt ſtay the one than t'other; yet if thou art ſo kind for all my Honour loſt, my Youth undone, my Beauty tarniſh'd, and my laſting Vows, to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthleſs Life will be the only loſs: But if thou ſtill continueſt to impoſe upon my eaſie Faith, and I ſhou'd any other way learn my approaching Fate — Look to't *Philander* — She that had the courage to abandon all for Love, and fairhleſs thee, can, when ſhe finds her ſelf betray'd and loſt, nobly revenge the ruin of her fame, and ſend thee to the other World with

Silvia.

She

She having writ this, read it over, and fansy'd she had not spoke half the sense of her Soul: fansy'd if she were again to begin she cou'd express her self much more to the purpose she design'd, than she has done. She began again and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough, the first she fear'd wou'd shew a weakness of Spirit, since he had given her occasion of Jealousie; the last she fear'd wou'd disoblige if all those jealousies were false, she therefore tore those last she had writ, and before she seal'd up the first she read *Philander's* Letter again, but still ended it with fears that did not lessen those she had first conceiv'd; still she thought she had more to say as Lovers do, who never are weary of speaking or writing to the dear object of their vows, and having already forgotten what she had said just

before

before ——and her heart being by this time as full as e'er, she began, she took up her complaining Pen, and made it say this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander*! Oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I wou'd repent me of the cruel thoughts I have of thee: When I had finish'd this inclos'd I read again thy chilling Letter, and strove with all the force of Love and soft imagination to find a dear occasion of asking Pardon for those Fears which press my breaking Heart: but Oh the more I read, the more they strike upon my tenderest part, —something so very cold, so careless, and indifferent you end your Letter with —I will not think of it—by Heaven it makes me rave —and hate my little power, that cou'd no longer keep the soft and kind. O if those killing fears (bred

by

by excesſ of Love) are vainly taken up in pity, my adorable —in pity to my tortur'd Soul convince 'em, Redreſs the torment of my jealous doubts, and either way confirm me; be kind to her that dies and languiſhes for thee, return me all the ſoftneſs that firſt charm'd me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous, or be kind to the unfortunate and undone

SILVIA.

She thought ſhe had ended here, but here again ſhe read *Philander*'s Letter, as if on purpoſe to find new Torments out for a heart too much preſs'd already; a ſowr that is always mixt with the ſweets of Love, a pain that ever accompanies the pleaſure. Love elſe were not to be numbred among the paſſions of men, and was at firſt ordain'd in Heaven for ſome divine motion

of the Soul, till *Adam* with his loss of *Paradise* debaucht it, with jealousies fears, and curiosities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'll say he had reason to be jealous, whose Woman for want of other Seducers listen'd to the Serpent, and for the love of change would give way even to a Devil, this little love of Novelty and knowledge has been intail'd upon her Daughters ever since, and I have known more Women rendred unhappy and miserable from this torment of Curiosity, which they bring upon themselves, than have ever been undone by less villainous Men. One of this Humour was our haughty and charming *Silvia*, whose Pride and Beauty possessing her with a belief that all Men were born to die her Slaves, made her uneasie at every action of the Lo-

ver

Lover (whether belov'd or not) that did but seem to slight her Empire: but where indeed she lov'd and doated, as now on *Philander*, this Humour put her on the rack at every thought or fancy that he might break his Chains, and having laid the last Obligation upon him, she expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all those moments when softness was not predominate in her Soul. She was shagreen at every thing, if but displeas'd with one thing; and while she gave Torments to others she fail'd not to feel 'em the most sensibly her self; so that still searching for new occasion of quarrel with *Philander*, she drew on her self most intolerable Pains, such as doubting Lovers feel after long Hopes and confirm'd Joys,

she

she reads and weeps, and when she came to that part of it that inquir'd of the health and being of the Pledge of Love——she grew so tender that she was almost fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the soft Reflection, and finding she had said nothing of it already, she took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, Oh Charming *Philander* how the Pledge of our soft hours thrives? Alas, as if it meant to brave the worst of Fate! it does advance my sorrows, and all your Cruelties have not destroy'd that: But I still bear about me the destiny of many a sighing Maid, that this (who will I am sure be like *Philander*) will ruin with his Looks.

Thou sacred Treasure of my Soul forgive me, if I have wrong'd thy Love. *Adieu.*

She

She made an end of writing this just when *Antonett* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to visit her, which gave her occasion to say this of him to *Philander*.

I think I had not ended here, but that *Octavio*, the bravest and the best of Friends is come to visit me. The only satisfaction I have to support my life in *Philander*'s absence, pay him those thanks that are due to him from me, pay him for all the generous Cares he has taken of me; beyond a Friend! almost *Philander* in his blooming Passion when 'twas all new and young, and full of Duty, cou'd not have render'd me his Service with a more awful industry: Sure he was made for love and glorious friendship. Cherish him then, pre-

serve

ſerve him next your Soul, for he's a Jewel fit for ſuch a Cabinet; His Form, his Parts, and every Noble Action, ſhews us the Royal Race from whence he ſprung, and the victorious *Orange* confeſſes him his own in every Vertue, and in every Grace; nor can the illigitimacy eclipſe him: Sure he was got in the firſt heat of Love, which form'd him ſo a *Hero* —But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

Silvia.

She had no ſooner finiſh'd this and ſeal'd it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with ſuch an Air, with ſuch a Grace and Mien he approach'd her—with all the languiſhment of ſoft trembling Love in his Face, which with the addition of the Dreſs he was that day

day in, (which was extreamly rich and advantageous, and altogether such as pleases the Vanity of Women,) I have since heard the charming *Silvia* say, in spight of all her tenderness for *Philander*, she found a soft emotion in her Soul, a kind of Pleasure at his approach, which made her blush with some kind of anger at her own easiness. Nor cou'd she have blush'd in a more happy Season; for *Octavio* saw it, and it serv'd at once to add a Lustre to her paler Beauty, and to betray some little kind Sentiment, which possess'd him with a Joy that had the same Effects on him: *Silvia* saw it; and the care she took to hide her own, serv'd but to increase her Blushes, which put her into a confusion she had much ado to reclaim: she cast her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on

her

her hand, she continu'd on her Seat without paying him that usual Ceremony she was wont to do. While he stood speechless for a moment gazing on her with infinite satisfaction, when she to assume a formality as well as she cou'd, rose up and cry'd (fearing he had seen too much) Octavio, *I have been considering after what manner I ought to receive you, and while I was so, I left those Civilities unpaid which your Quality, and my good manners ought to have render'd you. Ah, Madam,* reply'd he sighing, *if you wou'd receive me as I merited and you ought, at least you wou'd receive me as the most passionate Lover that ever ador'd you. I was rather believing,* said *Silvia, that I ought to have receiv'd you as my Foe: Since you conceal from me so long what you cannot but believe I am extreamly*

impatient

impatient of hearing, and what so nearly concerns my repose. At this, he only answering with a Sigh, she pursu'd, *Sure*, Octavio, *you understand me:* Philander's *answer to the Letter of your confessing Passion has not so long been the subject of our discourse and expectation, but you guess at what I mean?* *Octavio*, who on all Occasions wanted not wit, or reply, was here at a loss, what to answer: Notwithstanding he had consider'd before what he wou'd say: but let those in love fansy, and make what fine speeches they please, and believe themselves furnish'd with abundance of eloquent Harangues, at the sight of the dear Object they lose 'em all, and love teaches 'em a Dialect much more prevailing without the expence of duller thought: And they leave unsaid all they had so floridly form'd before

before, and sigh a thousand things with more success: Love, like Poetry cannot be taught, but uninstructed flows without painful study, if it be true; 'tis born in the Soul, a Noble inspiration not a Science! such was *Octavio*'s, he thought it dishonorable to be guilty of the meanness of a Lye; and say he had no answer: He thought it rude to say he had one and wou'd not shew it *Silvia*: And he believ'd it the height of ungenerous baseness to shew it. While he remain'd this moment silent, *Silvia*, whose love, jealousie, and impatience endur'd no delay, with a malicious half Smile, and a Tone all angry, scorn in her Eyes, and passion on her Tongue, she cry'd —— *'Tis well, Octavio, that you so early let me know you can be false, unjust, and faithless, you knew your Power, and in pity*

to

to that Youth and easiness you found in me, have given a Civil warning to my Heart. In this I must confess, continu'd she, *you have given a much greater testimony of your friendship for* Philander, *than your Passion for* Silvia; *and I suppose you came not here to resolve your self of which you should prefer, that was decided e'er you arriv'd, and this Visit I imagine was only to put me out of doubt: A piece of Charity you might have spar'd.* She ended this with a Scorn, that had a thousand Charms, because it gave him a little hope; and he answer'd with a sigh, *Ah Madam, how very easie you find it to entertain Thoughts disadvantageous of me: And how small a fault your Wit and Cruelty can improve to a Crime. You are not offended at my Friendship for* Philander. *I know you do not value my Life, and my*

repose so much, as to be concern'd who, or what, shares this Heart that adores you: No, it has not merited that Glory; nor dare I presume to hope, you shou'd so much as wish my Passion for Silvia, *shou'd surmount my Friendship to* Philander. *If I did*, reply'd she with a Scorn, *I perceive I might wish in vain. Madam*, answer'd he, *I have too Divine an opinion of the justice of the charming* Silvia *to believe I ought, or cou'd make my Approaches to her Heart, by ways so base and ungenerous, the result of even tolerated Treason is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice,* Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, in your Punctilio to* Philander; *but I perceive you are not so tender in those you ought to have for* Silvia: *I find Honour in you Men, is only what you please to make it, for at the same time you think it ungenerous to betray* Philander,

lander, *you believe it no breach of Honour to betray the eternal repose of* Silvia? *You have promis'd* Philander *your Friendship; you have vow'd your self my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every thing, and yet not one of these has any tye to oblige you to my Int'rest: Pray tell me,* continu'd she, *when you last writ to him, was it not in order to receive an answer from him? And was not I to see that Answer? And here you think it no dishonour to break your Word or Promise; by which I find your false Notions of Vertue and Honour, with which you serve your selves, when Int'rest, Design, or self Love makes you think it necessary. Madam,* replyed Octavio, *You are pleas'd to pursue your Anger, as if indeed I had disobeyed your Command, or refus'd to shew you what you imagine I have from* Philander: *Yes, I do,* reply'd she

haſtily; *and wonder why you ſhou'd have a greater Friendſhip for* Philander *than for* Silvia; *eſpecially if it be true that you ſay, you have joined Love to Friendſhip: or are you of the Opinion of thoſe that cry they cannot be a Lover and a Friend of the ſame Object. Ah, Madam,* cry'd our perplex'd Lover, *I beg you to believe, I think it ſo much more my Duty and Inclination to ſerve and obey* Silvia *than I do* Philander, *that I ſwear to you, Oh charming Conqueress of my Soul, if* Philander *have betrayed* Silvia, *he has at the ſame time betrayed* Octavio, *and that I wou'd revenge it with the loſs of my life: In injuring the adorable* Silvia, *believe me, lovely Maid, he injures ſo much more than a Friend, as Honour is above the inclination; if he wrong you, by Heaven he cancels all! he wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Miſtreſs,*

and

and my Sister: Fearing he had said too much, he stopp'd and sigh'd at the Word Sister, and casting down his Eyes, blushing with Shame and Anger, he continu'd, *Oh give me leave to say a Sister, Madam, least Mistress had been too daring and presumptious, and a Title that wou'd not justifie my Quarrel half so well, since 'twould take the Honour from my just Resentment, and blast it with the scandal of Self-interest or jealous revenge. What you say,* replyed she, *deserves abundance of acknowledgment: but if you wou'd have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me;* and he, *methinks, that was so daring to confess his Passion to* Philander, *may, after that, venture on any discovery: In short,* Octavio, *I demand to see the return you have from* Philander, *for possibly* —— said she, sweetning her charming Face into a Smile de-

sigh'd, *I shou'd not be displeas'd to find I might with more freedom reserve your Addresses, and on the coldness of* Philander's *reasoning may depend a great part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your Credentials, they may recommend your Heart more effectually than all the fine things you can say, you know not how the least appearance of a slight from a Lover, may advance the Pride of a Mistress; and Pride in this Affair will be your best Advocate.* Thus she insinuated with all her female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and Smiles, sweetned her Mouth, softned her Voice and Eyes, assuming all the tenderness and little Affectations her subtil Sex was capable of, while he lay all ravish'd and almost expiring at her Feet; sometimes transported with imagin'd Joys in the possession of the

dear

dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of *Philander*'s Letter; but Honour yet was even above his Passion, and made him blush at his first hasty thought; and now he strove to put her off, with all the Art he cou'd, who had so very little in his Nature, and whose real Love and perfect Honour had set him above the little evasions of Truth, who scorn'd in all other Cases the baseness and cowardize of a Lye; and so unsuccessful now was the little honest Cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that 'twas soon discovered to the Witty, Jealous, and Angry *Silvia*: So that after all the Rage a passionate Woman cou'd express, who believ'd her self injur'd by the only two Persons in the World from whom she expected most adoration? she

had recourse to that natural and softning aid of her Sex, her Tears, and having already reproach'd *Octavio* with all the malice of a defeated Woman, she now continued it in so moving a manner, that our *Hero* cou'd no longer remain unconquer'd by that powerful way of charming, but unfixt to all he had resolv'd, gave up, at least, a part of the Secret, and own'd he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this Confession knowing very well he cou'd not keep her from the sight of it; no, tho an Empire were render'd her to buy it off: his Wit was next employ'd how he shou'd defend the Sense of it, that she might not think *Philander* false. In Order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the most malicious of his Sex, and had contriv'd the best Stratagem

in

in the world to find whether *Silvia* ſtill lov'd, or *Octavio* retain'd his Friendſhip for him: *And but that*, continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be ſuch, that if I ſhould perſwade you not to ſee it, it would but the more inflame your deſire of ſeeing it. I wou'd ask no more of the charming* Silvia, *than that ſhe wou'd not oblige me to ſhew, what wou'd turn ſo greatly to my own Advantage: If I were not too ſenſible, 'tis but to entrap me, that* Philander *has taken this method in his Anſwer. Believe me, adorable* Silvia, *I plead againſt my own Life, while I beg you not to put my Honour to the Teſt, by commanding me to ſhew this Letter, and that I joyn againſt the int'reſt of my own eternal Repoſe while I plead thus*: ſhe hears him with a hundred changes of countenance. Love, Rage, and Jealouſie ſwell in

fiercer Eyes, her breath beats ſhort, and ſhe was ready to burſt into ſpeaking before he had finiſh'd what he had to ſay; ſhe calls up all the little Diſcretion and Reaſon Love had left her to manage her ſelf as ſhe ought in this great occaſion; ſhe bit her Lips and ſwallow'd her riſing Sighs; but he ſoon ſaw the Storm he had rais'd, and knew not how to ſtand the Shock of its Fury; he ſighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he endeavours to excuſe the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her Heart, and ſets her on the Rack; and concluding him falſe, ſhe cou'd no longer contain her Rage, but broke out into all the Fury that madneſs can inſpire, and from one degree to another wrought her Paſſion to the height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair, and bit his Hands that endeavour'd to reſtrain hers

hers from Violence, ſhe rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and diſcover'd a thouſand Charms and Beauties, and finding now that both his ſtrength and reaſon was too weak to prevent the Miſchiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for help: When *Brilljard* was but too ready at Hand, with *Antonett* and ſome others, who came to his Aſſiſtance: *Brilljard*, who knew nothing of the occaſion of all this, believ'd it the ſecond part of his own late adventure, and fancy'd that *Octavio* had us'd ſome Violence to her, upon this he aſſumes the Authority of his Lord, and ſecretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Octavio* with his Brutality, they fell to ſuch Words as ended in a challenge the next Morning, for *Brilljard* appear'd a Gentleman, Companion

to

to his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* cou'd not well refuſe: this was not carried ſo ſilently but *Antonett*, buſie as ſhe was about her raving Lady, heard the appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almoſt as much diſturb'd as *Silvia*, whom, with much ado, they perſwaded him to leave; but before he did ſo, he on his Knees offer'd her the Letter, and implor'd her to receive it. So abſolutely his Love had vanquiſh'd his Nobler Part, that of honour; but ſhe attending no motions but thoſe of her own Rage, had no regard either to *Octavio*'s Proffer, or his Arguments of Excuſe; ſo that he went away with the Letter, in all the Extremity of diſorder; this laſt part of his Submiſſion was not ſeen by *Brillard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio*'s

vio's anſwer to his Challenge; ſo that *Silvia* was now left with her Woman only, who by Degrees brought her to more calmneſs; and *Brilliard* impatient to hear the Reproaches, he hop'd ſhe wou'd give *Octavio* when ſhe was return'd to Reaſon, being curious of any thing that might redound to his diſadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, return'd again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wiſh'd: *Silvia* being recover'd from her Paſſion of Madneſs, and her Soul in a ſtate of thinking a little with Reaſon, ſhe miſſes *Octavio* in the Croud, and with a Voice her Rage had infeebled to a Languiſhment, ſhe cry'd —ſurveying carefully thoſe about her, *Oh where's* Octavio? *Where is that Angel Man? he who of all his kind can give me comfort.* *Madam*, replyed *Antonett*,

Antonett, *he is gone, while he was here, he kneel'd and pray'd in vain, but for a Word, or Look,-his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one ſenſible Reply, but rage had deafen'd you; what has he done to merit this?* Oh, Antonett, cry'd *Silvia*—*'Twas what he wou'd not do that makes me rave, run, haſt and fetch him back*—*But let him leave his Honour all behind: Tell him he has too much conſideration for* Philander, *and none for my repoſe. Oh, fly* Brilljard —*Have I no Friend in view, dares carry a Meſſage from me to* Octavio? *Bid him return, oh, inſtantly return*—*I die, I languiſh for a ſight of him*—*Deſcending Angels wou'd not be ſo welcome*—*Why ſtand ye ſtill*—*have I no power with you*—*Will none obey*—— Then running haſtily to the Chamber Door, ſhe call'd her Page,

Page, to whom she cry'd—*Haste, haste, dear Youth, and find* Octavio *out, and bring him to me instantly: Tell him I die to see him.* The Boy glad of so kind a Message, to so liberal a Lover, runs on his Errand, while she returns to her Chamber, and endeavours to recollect her Senses against *Octavio*'s coming as much as possibly she cou'd: She dismisses her Attendant with different Apprehensions: sometimes *Brilljard* believ'd this was the second part of her first raving, and having never seen her thus, but for *Philander*, concludes it the height of Tenderness and Passion for *Octavio*, but because she made so publick a Declaration of it he believ'd he had given her a Philter, which had rais'd her Flame so much above the bounds of Modesty and Discretion; concluding it so, he knew

knew the usual Effects of things of that Nature, and that nothing cou'd allay the heat of such a Love but Possession, and easily deluded with every Fancy that flatter'd his Love; mad, stark mad by any way to obtain the last Blessing with *Silvia*, he consults with *Antonett* how to get one of *Octavio*'s Letters out of her Lady's Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous Reasons, which deluded the Amorous Maid; he perswaded her to get him one, which she did in half an Hour after: for by this time *Silvia* being in as much Tranquility as 'twas possible a Lover could be in, who had the Hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the false Betrayer, she had call'd *Antonett* to dress her; which she resolved should be in all the careless Magnificence that Art or Nature cou'd put on; to charm

Octavio

Octavio wholly to obedience, whom she had sent for, and whom she expected; but she was no sooner set to her Toy-light, but *Octavio*'s Page arriv'd with a Letter from his Master, which she greedily snatch'd, and read this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

BY this time, oh Charming *Silvia*, give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your Reason return'd, and that you will hear a little from the most unfortunate of Men, whom you have reduc'd to this miserable Extremity of losing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can prefer a little Curiosity that will serve but to afflict you, before either that or my Repose, what esteem ought

I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*; and if you hate me, as 'tis evident, if you compel me to the extremity of losing my Repose or Honour, what Reason or Argument have I to prefer so careless a Fair One above the last. 'Tis certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that hope shall the expos'd and abandon'd *Octavio* be, when he shall pretend to that Glory without his Honour: Believe me, Charming Maid, I wou'd sacrifice my life, and my entire Fortune at your least Command to serve you; but to render you a Devoir that must point me out the basest of my Sex, is what my temper must resist in spight of all the violence of my Love, and I thank my happier Stars that they have given me resolution enough rather to fall a Sacrifice to the last, than

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be guilty of the breach of the first: this is the loft and present thought and pleasure of my Soul; and least it shou'd by the force of those Divine Ideas which eternally surround it, be sooth'd and flatter'd from its Noble Principles, I will to morrow put my self out of the hazard of Temptation, and divert if possible by absence, to the Campagne, those soft importunate Betrayers of my Liberty, that perpetually solicit in favour of you: I dare not so much as bid you adieu, one sight of that bright Angel's Face, wou'd undo me, unfix my Nobler Resolutions, and leave me a despicable Slave, sighing my unrewarded Treason at your insensible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be dispos'd by you; but the more useless necessary I will for ever take from those lovely Eyes, who can look

on

on nothing with Joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have deny'd you one Satisfaction, at least I have given you this other of securing you Eternally from the trouble and importunity of

Madam,

Your Faithful

Octavio.

This Letter to any other less secure of her own power than was our fair Subject, wou'd have made them impatient and angry: But she found that there was somthing yet in her Power, the dispensation of which cou'd soon recal him from any resolution he was able to make of absenting himself: Her Glass stood before her, and every glance that way was an assurance and security

curity to her Heart; ſhe cou'd not ſee that Beauty and doubt its power of perſwaſion. She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this anſwer, being in a moment furniſh'd with all the Art and ſubtilty that was neceſſary on this occaſion.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

THO I have not Beauty enough to command your Heart; at leaſt allow me Senſe enough to oblige your belief, that I fanſy and reſent all that the Letter contains which you have deny'd me, and that I am not of that ſort of Women, whoſe want of Youth or Beauty renders ſo conſtant to purſue the Ghoſt of a departed Lover: It is enough to juſtifie my Honour, that I was not the firſt Agreſſor. I find

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my ſelf purſu'd by too many Charms of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury my ſelf beneath the Willows, or to whine away my Youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the laſt Refuge of a declining Beauty, a Monaſt'ry: No, my Lord, when I have reveng'd and recompenc'd my ſelf for the Injuries of one Inconſtant, with the Joys a thouſand imploring Lovers offer, it will be time to be weary of a World, which yet every day preſents me new Joys; and I ſwear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompence what I ow'd your paſſion that I deſir'd a convincing proof of *Philander*'s Falſehood, than for any other reaſon, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other uſe cou'd I make of the Secret; if he be falſe he's gone, unworthy of

me,

me, and impossible to be retriev'd, and I wou'd as soon dye my sullied Garments and wear them over again, as take to my imbraces a reform'd Lover, the Native first Lustre of whose Passion is quite extinct, and is no more the same; no, my Lord, she must be poor in Beauty that has recourse to Shifts so mean; if I wou'd know the Secret, by all that's good in were to hate him heartily, and to dispose of my Person to the best advantage; which in Honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinc'd of the falseness of him with whom I have exchang'd a thousand Vows of Fidelity, but if he unlink the Chain I am at perfect liberty, and why by this delay you shou'd make me lose my time, I am not able to conceive, unless you fear I shou'd then take you at your word, and expect the

performance of all the Vows of Love you have made me.——If that be it——my Pride shall be your Security, or if other Recompence you expect, set the Price upon your Secret, and see at what rate I will purchase the Liberty it will procure me; possibly it may be such as may at once infranchize me, and revenge me on the perjur'd Ingrate, than which nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

SILVIA.

She Seals this Letter with a Wafer, and giving it to *Antonett* to give the Page, believing she had writ what wou'd not be in vain to the quick-sighted *Octavio*: *Antonett* takes both that and the other which *Octavio* had sent, and left her Lady busie in dressing her Head

head, and went to *Brilliard*'s Chamber, who thought every moment an Age till she came, so vigorous he was on his new Design. That which was sent to *Octavio*, being seal'd with a wet Wafer he neatly opens, as 'twas easie to do, and read, and seal'd again, and *Antonett* deliver'd it to the Page. After receiving what pay *Brilliard* cou'd force himself to bestow upon her; some Flatteries of dissembled Love; and some cold Kisses, which even Imagination cou'd not render better, she return'd to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Octavio*; she having in hers given him a Hint, by bidding him set a Price upon the Secret, which he had heard, was that of a Letter from *Philander*, with all the Circumstances of it, from the faithless *An-*

tonett whom Love had betray'd; and after blotting much Paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like those of *Ottavio*, which was not hard for a lover of ingenuity; he fell to the business of what he wou'd write; and having finish'd it to his liking, his next Trouble was how to convey it to her; for *Ottavio* always sent his by his Page, whom he cou'd trust. He now was certain of Love between 'em? For tho he often had perswaded *Antonett* to bring him Letters, yet she could not be wrought on till now to betray her trust: And what he long apprehended, he found too true on both sides; and now he waited but for an opportunity to send it seasonably, and in a lucky Minute. In the mean time *Silvia* adorns her self for absolute Conquest,

queſt, and diſpoſing her ſelf in the moſt charming; careleſs, and tempting manner ſhe could deviſe, ſhe lay expecting her coming Lover, on a Repoſe of rich Embroidery of Gold on blew Sattin, hung within ſide with little Amorous Pictures of *Venus* deſcending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, ſhe embracing, while the youth more eager of his rural Sports, turns half from her, in a poſture of purſuing his Dogs, who are on their Chace: Another of *Armida*, who is dreſſing the ſleeping warriour up in wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his gilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little head that hides his whole face; another makes a Hobby horſe of his Sword and Lance; another fits on his Breaſt piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are ſeeming

to heave and help him to hold it an end, and all turn'd the Emblems of the Hero into ridicule. These and some other of the like nature adorn'd the Pavilion of the langiushing Fair One, who lay carelessly on her side; her Arm leaning on little Pillows of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amors in her other hand. Every noise alarm'd her with trembling hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard she said she verily believ'd that acting and feigning, the Lover possess'd her with a tenderness against her Knowledge and Will; and she found something more in her Soul than a bare curiosity of seeing *Octavio* for the Letters sake: But in lieu of her Lover, she found her self once more approacht with a Billet from him; which brought this.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AH *Silvia*, he muſt be more than humane, that can withſtand your Charms, I confeſs my Frailty; and fall before you, the weakeſt of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have Vanity enough to wreſt every hopeful Word to my own Int'reſt, and in favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my eaſie Faith ſhou'd only flatter me, and I with ſhame ſhou'd find it was not meant to me, or if it were, 'twas only to draw me from a Vertue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my Youth, the Glory of my Name, my Comfort and refuge in all extreams of Fortune:

The eternal Companion, Guide and Counſellor of all my Actions: Yet this good you only have power to rob me of, and leave me expos'd to the ſcorn of all the laughing World: Yet give me Love! give me but hope in lieu of it, and I am content to diveſt my ſelf of all beſides.

Perhaps you will ſay I ask too mighty a rate for ſo poor a Secret? But even in that, there lies one of my own, that will more expoſe the feebleneſs of my Blood and Name, than the Diſcovery will me in particular, ſo that I know not what I do, when I give you up the knowledge you deſire. Still you will ſay all this is to inhaunce its Value, and raiſe the Price: And oh, I fear you have taught my Soul every Quality it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt

learnt it to chaffer for every thought, if I cou'd fix upon the rate to ſell it at: And I with ſhame confeſs I would be Mercenary, cou'd we but agree upon the Price: But my Reſpect forbids me all things, but ſilent hope, and that in ſpight of me, and all my Reaſon, will predominate? for the reſt I will wholly reſign my ſelf and all the Faculties of my Soul to the charming Arbitrator of my Peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Silvia*: And at her Feet render all ſhe demands; yes, ſhe ſhall find me there to juſtifie all the weakneſs this proclaims; for I confeſs, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have abſolutely ſubdu'd

Your Octavio.

She had no sooner read this Letter, but *Antonett* instead of laying it by, carried it to *Brilliard*, and departed the Chamber to make way for *Octavio*, who she imagin'd was coming to make his Visit, and left *Silvia* considering how she shou'd manage him to the best advantage, and with most honour acquit her self, of what she had made him hope; but instead of his coming to wait on her, an unexpected accident arriv'd to prevent him, for a Messenger from the Prince came with Commands that he should forthwith come to his Highness, the Messenger having command to bring him along with him: So that not able to disobey, he only begg'd time to write a note of Business; which was a Billet to *Silvia*, to excuse himself till the next day; for it being five Leagues to the Village where the Prince waited his coming,

coming, he cou'd not return that Night: which was the buſineſs of the Note, with which his Page haſted to *Silvia*: *Brilljard*, who was now a vigilant Lover, and waiting for every opportunity that might favour his deſign, ſaw the Page arrive with the Note; and as 'twas uſual, he took it to carry to his Conquereſs; but meeting *Antonett* on the Stairs, he gave her what he had before counterfeited with ſuch Art, after he had open'd what *Octavio* had ſent, and found Fortune was wholly on his ſide, he having learn'd from the Page, beſides that his Lord had taken Coach with Monſieur —— to go to his Highneſs, and wou'd not return that Night: *Antonett* not knowing the deceit, carried her Lady the forg'd Letter, who open'd it with eager haſte, and read this.

TO THE CHARMING SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce I have a ſecret which none but I can unfold, and that you have offered at any rate to buy it of me; Give me leave to ſay, that you, fair Creature, have another ſecret, a Joy to diſpence, which none but you can give the languiſhing *Octavio*: If you dare purchaſe this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours: I will be as ſecret as death, and think my ſelf happier than a fancy'd God! Take what Methods you pleaſe for the payment, and what time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all Hours, to ſnatch the moſt con-

convenient one to reap so ravishing a Blessing. I know you will accuse me with all the confidence and rudeness in the World: But oh! to consider lovely *Silvia*, that that Passion, which cou'd change my Soul from all the course of Honour, has power to make me forget that nice respect your Beauty aws me with, and my passion is now arriv'd at such a height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obstinately bent on the pursuit of that vast Pleasure, I fancy to find in the dear, the ravishing Arms of the adorable *Silvia*: Impatient of your answer, I am as love compels me,

Madam,

Your Slave,

Octavio.

The

The Page, who waited no answer, was departed; but *Silvia*, who believ'd he attended it, was in a thousand minds what to say or do: She blush'd as she read, and then look'd pale with anger and disdain, and but that she had already given her Honour up, it wou'd have been something more surprizing: But she was us'd to Questions of that Nature, and therefore receiv'd this with so much the less concern: Nevertheless 'twas sufficient to fill her Soul with a thousand Agitations, but when she wou'd be angry, the consideration of what she had writ to him, to encourage him to this boldness, stopp'd her Rage: when she wou'd take it ill, she consider'd his knowledge of her lost Fame, and that took off a great part of her Resentment on that side; and in midst of all she was raving for the knowledge

ledge of *Philander's* Secret. She roſe from the Bed, and walk'd about the room in much diſorder, full of thought and no concluſion; ſhe is aſham'd to conſult of this Affair with *Antonett*, and knows not what to fix on: The only thing ſhe was certain of, and which was fully and undiſputably reſolv'd in her Soul, was never to conſent to ſo falſe an Action, never to buy the Secret at ſo dear a rate; ſhe abhors *Octavio*, whom ſhe regards no more as that fine thing which before ſhe thought him; and a thouſand times ſhe was about to write her Deſpite and Contempt, but ſtill the dear ſecret ſtaid her hand, and ſhe was fond of the Torment: At laſt *Antonett*, who was afflicted to know the cauſe of this Diſorder, ask'd her Lady if *Octavio* wou'd not come: *No*, replyed *Silvia*, bluſhing at the Name, *nor never*,

never shall the ungrateful Man dare to behold my Face any more. Jesu, replyed *Antonett, What has he done, Madam, to deserve this Severity? For he was a great Benefactor to* Antonett, *and had already by his Gifts and Presents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaster: He has,* said *Silvia, committed such an Impudence, as deserves death from my Hand:* This she spoke in rage, and walk'd away cross the Chamber. *Why, Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, does he deny to give you the Letter: No,* replyed *Silvia, but asks me such a price for it, as makes me hate my self, that am reduc'd by my ill Conduct, to Addresses of that Nature: Heavens, Madam, What can he ask you to afflict you so! The presumptuous Man,* said she (in rage) *has the impudence to ask, what never Man, but* Philander *was ever possess'd of*—At this *Antonett* laught:—

Good

Good Lord, *Madam*, said she, *And are you angry at such desires in Men toward you? I believe you are the first Lady in the World, that was ever offended for being desirable: Can any thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your Youth, or Wit? marry Madam, I wish I were worthy to be ask'd the Question by all the fine Dancing, Dressing, Song making Fops in Town. And you wou'd yield,* replyed *Silvia*: *Not so neither,* replyed *Antonett, but I wou'd spark my self, and value my self the more upon't. Oh,* said *Silvia, She that is so fond of hearing of Love, no doubt but will find some one to practise it with. That's as I shou'd find my self inclin'd,* replyed *Antonett. Silvia* was not so intent on *Antonett*'s Raillery, but she imploy'd all her thought the while on what she had to do: and those last Words of *Antonett*'s jogg'd a Thought that

that ran on to one very advantagious, at leaſt her preſent and firſt Apprehenſion of it was ſuch: And ſhe turn'd to *Antonett* with a Face more gay than it was the laſt minute, and cry'd, *Prithee good Wench tell me, what ſort of Man would ſoonſt incline you to a yielding? If you command me Madam, to be free with your Lordſhip,* reply'd *Antonett*, *I muſt confeſs there are two ſorts of Men that wou'd moſt villainouſly incline me: the firſt is he that wou'd make my fortune beſt: the next, he that wou'd make my pleaſure; the young, the handſom, or rather the well-bred, and good-humour'd; but above all the Man of Wit. But what wou'd you ſay,* Antonett, replyed *Silvia, if all theſe made up in one man ſhou'd make his Addreſſes to you; Why then moſt certainly, Madam,* replyed *Antonett*; *I ſhou'd yield him*

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my Honour, after a reasonable Siege. This tho' the wanton young Maid spoke possibly at first more to put her Lady in good humour, than from any inclination she had to what she said; yet after many Arguments upon that Subject, *Silvia* cunning enough to pursue her design, brought the business more home, and told her in plain terms that *Octavio* was the Man who had been so presumptious as to ask so great a Reward as the possession of her self for the Secret she desir'd; and after a thousand little Subtleties, having made the forward Girl confess with Blushes, she was not a Maid; she insinuated into her an Opinion, that what she had done already (without any other Motive than that of Love, as she confess'd in which Int'rest had no part,) wou'd make the Trick the easier to do again,

especially

especially if she brought to her Arms a Person of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the charming Qualities that adorn a Man, and that besides she shou'd find it turn to good account; and for her Secresies, she might depend upon it, since the Person to whose Embraces she should submit her self, shou'd not know but that she her self was the Woman: So that says *Silvia*, *I will have all Infamy, and you the Reward every way with unblemish'd Honour.* While she spoke, the willing Maid gave an inward pleasing Attention, tho at first she made a few faint modest Scruples: Nor was she less joy'd to hear it shou'd be *Octavio*, whom she knew to be rich, and very handsome; and she immediately found the Humour of Inconstancy seize her; and *Brilliard* appear'd a very Husband

Lover

Lover in compariſon of this new Briſker Man of Quality; ſo that after ſome Pro's and Con's the whole Matter was thus concluded on between theſe two young perſons, who neither wanted Wit, nor Beauty; and both crow'd over the Contrivance, as a moſt diverting piece of little Malice, that ſhou'd ſerve their preſent Turn. and make 'em Sport for the future. The next thing that was conſider'd, was a Letter which was to be ſent in Anſwer, and that *Silvia* being to write with her own hand, begot a new doubt, inſomuch as the whole buſineſs was at a ſtand: For when it came to that point that ſhe her ſelf was to conſent, ſhe found the Project look with a Face ſo foul, that ſhe a hundred times reſolv'd and unreſolv'd. But *Philander* fill'd her Soul, revenge was

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in her view, and that one thought put her on new Resolves to pursue the design, let it be never so base and dishonourable: *Yes*, cry'd she at last, *I can commit no Action, that is not more just, excusable, and honourable, than that which* Octavio *has done to me, who uses me like a common Mistress of the Town, and dares ask me that which he knows, he durst not do if he had not mean and abject thoughts of me; his baseness deserves death from my hand if I had courage to give it him, and the least I can do is to deceive the deceiver. Well then, give me my Scrutore*, says she; so sitting down she writ this; not without abundance of guilt and confusion; for yet a certain Honour which she had by birth, check'd the cheat of her Pen.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

THE Price, *Octavio*, which you have ſet upon your Secret, I (more generous than you) will give your Merit, to which alone 'tis due: If I ſhould pay ſo high a Price for the firſt, you wou'd believe I had the leſs eſteem for the laſt, and I wou'd not have you think me ſo poor in Spirit to yield on any other terms, If I valu'd *Philander* yet—after his confirm'd Inconſtancy, I wou'd have you think I ſcorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be perſwaded there are any ſuch Brutes amongſt my Sex, but as I never had a wiſh but where I lov'd, ſo I never extended one till now to any but *Philander*, yet

yet ſo much my Senſe of ſhame is above my growing Tenderneſs, that I cou'd wiſh you would be ſo generous to think no more of what you ſeem to purſue with ſuch earneſtneſs and haſte. But leaſt I ſhould retain any ſort of former Love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to raſe wholly from my Soul, I grant you all you ask, provided you will be diſcreet in the management: *Antonett* therefore ſhall only be truſted with the Secret; the outward gate you ſhall find at twelve only ſhut to, and *Antonett* wait you at the Stairs-foot to conduct you to me; come alone. I bluſh and gild the Paper with their Reflections, at the thought of an Incounter like this, before I am half enough ſecur'd of your Heart. And that you may be made more abſolutely the Maſter of mine, ſend me immediately

ately *Philander's* Letter inclos'd, that if any remains of Shagrien poſſeſs me, they may be totally vanquiſh'd by twelve a Clock.

Silvia.

She having with much difficulty writ this, read it to her truſty Confident; for this was the only Secret of her Lady's ſhe was reſolv'd never to diſcover to *Brilliard*, and to the end he might know nothing of it ſhe ſeal'd the Letter with Wax: But before ſhe ſeal'd it, ſhe told her Lady, ſhe thought ſhe might have ſpar'd abundance of her Bluſhes, and have writ a leſs kind Letter; for a word of Invitation or Conſent, wou'd have ſerv'd as well. To which *Silvia* replyed, Her anger againſt him was too high not to give him all the defeat

feat imaginable, and the greater the Love appear'd, the greater wou'd be the Revenge, when he ſhou'd come to know, (as in time he ſhou'd) how like a falſe Friend ſhe had treated him: This Reaſon, or any at that time wou'd have ſerv'd *Antonett*, whoſe Heart was ſet upon the new Adventure, and in ſuch haſte ſhe was (the Night coming on a pace) to know how ſhe ſhou'd dreſs, and what more was to be done, that ſhe only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Brilljard*, (who watcht every Bodies motion) on the Stair-Caſe, he ask'd her what that was? and ſhe ſaid, to ſend by *Octavio's* Page: *You need not look in it*, ſaid ſhe (when he ſnatch'd it haſtily out of her hand:) *For I can tell you the Contents, and 'tis ſeal'd ſo it muſt be known if you unrip it.* *Well, well*, ſaid he, *if you tell it*

me

me it will ſatisfie my Curioſity as well; therefore I'll give it the Page. She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what anſwer the dear Object of his deſire had ſent to his forg'd one: So opening it, he found it ſuch as his Soul wiſh'd, and was all Joy and Extaſie; he views himſelf a hundred times in the Glaſs, and ſet himſelf in Order with all the Opinion and Pride, as if his own good Parts had gain'd him the Bleſſing; he enlarg'd himſelf as he walk'd, and knew not what to do, ſo extreamly was he raviſh'd with his coming Joy: he bleſt himſelf, his Wit, his Stars, his Fortune; then read the dear obliging Letter, and kiſs'd it all over, as if it had been meant to him; and after he had forc'd himſelf to a little more ſerious conſideration, he bethought himſelf

of what he had to do in order to this dear Appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the first place he was to send her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before, he took *Octavio*'s Letter from the Page; when he understood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the Prince. *Octavio* cou'd not avoid his going and write to *Silvia*; in which he sent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the first part of the confession of his Love to Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*: Generously *Octavio* sent it without Terms; but *Brilljard* slid his own forg'd one into *Antonett*'s Hand in lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wonder'd at his Lord's Inconstancy; yet glad of the Opportunity to take *Silvia*'s Heart a little more off from him, he soon re-

solv'd

solv'd she should have the Letter; but being wholly Mercenary, and fearing, that either when once she had it, it might make her go back from her promis'd Assignation, or at least put her out of humour, so as to spoil a great part of the Entertainment he design'd: He took the pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this.

To SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce we have began to chaffer, you must give me leave to make the best of the advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the breach of it in some degree on other Occasions; not but I have all the Obedience

and Adoration for you that ever poſſeſs'd the Soul of a moſt paſſionate and languiſhing Lover: But, fair *Silvia*, I know not whether, when you have ſeen the Secret of the falſe *Philander*, you may not think it leſs valuable than you before did, and ſo defraud me of my due. Give me leave, oh wondrous Creature! to ſuſpect even the moſt perfect of your Sex; and to tell you that I will no ſooner approach your preſence, but I will reſign the Paper you ſo much wiſh. If you ſend me no anſwer I will come according to your directions; If you do, I muſt obey, and wait, tho with that impatience that never attended a ſuffering Lover, or any but,

Divine Creature,

Your Octavio.

This

This he ſeal'd, and after a convenient diſtance of time, carried as from the Page to *Antonett*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom ſhe gives it, who read it with abundance of Impatience, being extreamly angry at the rudeneſs of the Stile, which ſhe fancy'd much alter'd from what it was; and had not her Rage blinded her, ſhe might eaſily have perceiv'd the difference too of the character, tho it came as near to the like as poſſible ſo ſhort a practice could produce: She took it with the other, and tore it in pieces, with Rage, and ſwore ſhe would be revenged; but after calmer Thoughts ſhe took up the Pieces to keep, to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping for Anger, Defeat, and Shame: but the *April* Shower being paſt, ſhe returned to her former Reſentment, and had

ſome pleaſure amidſt all her torment of fears, jealouſies, and ſenſe of *Octavio*'s Diſreſpect, in the thoughts of Revenge; in Order to which ſhe contrives how *Antonett* ſhall manage her ſelf, and commanding her to bring out ſome fine Point Linen, ſhe dreſs'd up *Antonett*'s Head with them, and put her on a Shift lac'd with the ſame; for tho ſhe intended no light ſhould be in the Chamber when *Octavio* ſhould enter, ſhe knew he underſtood by his touch the difference of fine things from other. In fine, having dreſs'd her exactly as ſhe her ſelf us'd to be when ſhe receiv'd *Octavio*'s Viſits in Bed, ſhe embrac'd her, and fancy'd ſhe was much of her own ſhape and bigneſs, and that 'twas impoſſible to find the deceit: And now ſhe made *Antonett* dreſs her up in her Cloaths, and mobbing

bing her Sarcenet Hood about her Head, she appear'd so like *Antonett* (all but the Face) that 'twas not easie to distinguish 'em: And Night coming on they both long for the hour of twelve, tho with different Designs; and having before given notice, that *Silvia* was gone to Bed, and wou'd receive no Visit that Night, they were alone to finish all their business: This while *Brilliard* was not idle, but having a fine Bath made he wash'd and perfum'd his Body, and after dress'd himself in the finest Linen perfum'd, that he had, and made himself as fit as possible for his Design; nor was his Shape, which was very good, or his Stature unlike to that of *Octavio*: And ready for the approach, he conveys himself out of the House, telling his Footman, he wou'd put himself to Bed after his Ba-

thing, and locking his Chamber Door, ſtole out, and it being dark, many a longing turn he walked impatient till all the Candles were out in every Room of the Houſe: In the mean time he employed his thoughts on a thouſand things, but all relating to *Silvia*; ſometimes the Treachery he ſhewed in this Action to his Lord, cauſed ſhort-liv'd Bluſhes in his Face, which vaniſh'd as ſoon, when he conſider'd his Lord falſe to the moſt beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accus'd, and curs'd the Levity of *Silvia*, that could yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if ſhe had indeed been to have received that charming Lover; but when his thought directed him to his own Happineſs, his Pulſe beat high, his Blood flaſh'd apace in his Cheeks, his Eyes languiſh'd with Love, and his Body with a feveriſh

veriſh Fit? In theſe Extreams by turns he paſt at leaſt three tedious Hours, with a ſtriking Watch in his Hand; and when it told 'twas twelve, he advanc'd nearer the Door, but finding it ſhut walk'd yet with greater impatience every half minute going to the Door; at laſt he found it yield to his hand that puſh'd it: But oh, what Mortal can expreſs his Joy! his Heart beats double, his Knees tremble, and a feebleneſs ſeizes every Limb; he breaths nothing but ſhort Sighs, and is ready in the dark Hall to fall on the Floor, and was forc'd to lean on the Rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: while he was there recruiting himſelf, intent on nothing but his vaſt Joy; *Octavio*. who going to meet the Prince, being met half way by that young *Hero*, wasdiſpacht back again with-

out advancing to the end of his five Leagues, and impatient to see *Silvia*, after *Philander*'s Letter that he had sent her, or at least impatient to hear how she took it, and in what condition she was, he, as soon as he alighted, went towards her house in hope to have met *Antonett*, or her Page, or some that cou'd inform him of her Welfare; tho' 'twas usual for *Silvia* to sit up very late, and he had often made her Visits at that hour: And *Brilljard*, wholly intent on his Adventure, had left the Door open; so that *Octavio* perceiving it, believ'd they were all up in the back Rooms where *Silvia*'s Apartment was towards a Garden, for he saw no light forward: But he was no sooner enter'd (which he did without noise) but he heard a soft breathing, which made him make a stand

ſtand in the Hall: And by and by he heard the ſoft tread of ſome body deſcending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble Floor, his Tread was not heard: When he heard one cry with a Sigh —— *Who's there?* And another reply, *'tis I; who are you?* The firſt reply'd, *A faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your Hand then*, replyed the Female Voice, *I will conduct you to your Happineſs*. You may imagine in what ſurprize *Octavio* was at ſo unexpected an Adventure, and like a jealous Lover did not at all doubt but the Happineſs expected was *Silvia*, and the impatient Lover ſome one whom he cou'd not imagine, but rav'd within to know, and in a moment ran over in his Thoughts all the Men of Quality, or celebrated Beauty, or Fortune

in

in the Town, but was at as great a loſs as at firſt thinking: *But be thou who thou wilt*, cry'd he to himſelf: *Traytor as thou art, I will by thy Death, revenge my ſelf on the faithleſs Fair One*: And taking out his Sword, he advanc'd toward the Stairs Foot, when he heard them both ſoftly aſcend; but being a Man of perfect good Nature, as all the Brave and Witty are, he reflected on the ſevere uſage he had had from *Silvia*, notwithſtanding all his Induſtry, his vaſt Expence, and all the Advantages of Nature. This Thought made him in the midſt of all his Jealouſie and Haſte. pauſe a little Moment; and fain he wou'd have perſwaded himſelf that what he heard was the Errors of his Senſe; or that he dream'd, or that it was at leaſt not to *Silvia*, to whom this yet

aſcending

aſcending Lover was advancing: but to undeceive him of that favourable Imagination, they were no ſooner on the top of the Stairs, but he not being many Steps behind, cou'd both hear and ſee by the ill light of a great Saſh window on the Stair-Caſe, the happy Lover enter the Chamber-door of *Silvia*, which he knew too well to be miſtaken; not that he cou'd perceive who or what they were, but two Perſons not to be diſtinguiſh'd. Oh what human Fancy, (but that of a Lover, to that degree that was our young Hero,) can imagine the amazement and torture of his Soul, wherein a thouſand other Paſſions reign'd at once, and, maugre all his Courage and Reſolution forc'd him to ſink beneath their weight, he ſtood holding himſelf up by the Rails of the Stair-Caſe, without having

having the Power to aſcend farther, or to ſhew any other Signs of Life, but that of ſighing, had he been a favour'd Lover, had he been a known declar'd Lover to all the World, had he but hop'd he had had ſo much intereſt with the falſe Beauty, as but to have been deſign'd upon for a future Love or Uſe, he wou'd have ruſht in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an awe upon his Soul for the perjur'd fair One; tho at the ſame time he reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be the Object of his Hate; for the Nature of his honeſt Soul abhor'd an Action ſo treacherous and baſe: He begins in a moment from all his good thoughts of her, to think her the moſt jilting of her Sex; he knew if Intereſt cou'd oblige her, no Man in *Holland* had a better

ter pretence to her than himself; who had already without any return, even so much as hope, presented her the value of eight or ten thousand pound in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looser desire he fancy'd himself to have appear'd as capable to have serv'd her as any Man; but oh he considers there is a Fate in things; a destiny in Love that elevates and advances the most mean, deform'd or abject; and debases and contemns the most worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent Art of dissembling for *Philander*; he runs in a minute over all her Passions of rage, jealousie, tears and softness; and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks 'em all like *Silvia*, than which nothing cou'd appear more despicable to his present thought, and with a smile (while

yet

yet his heart was insensibly breaking, he fansies himself a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an impos'd-on Fool, and a conceited Fop: Value's *Silvia* as a common fair Jilt, whose whole design was to deceive the world, and make her self a Fortune, at the price of her Honour, one that receives all kind bidders, and that he being too lavish, and too modest was reserv'd the Cully on purpose to be undone and jilted out of all his Fortune; This Thought was so perfectly fixt in him, that he recover'd out of his excess of Pain, and fancy'd himself perfectly cur'd of his blind Passion, resolves to leave her to her beastly entertainment, and to depart; but before he did so, *Silvia*, (who had conducted the Amorous Spark to the Bed where the expecting Lady lay dress't rich and sweet to receive him) return'd

out

out of the Chamber, and the light being a little more favourable to his Eyes, by his being ſo long in the dark, he perceiv'd it *Antonett*, at leſt ſuch a ſort of Figure, as he fancy'd her, and to confirm him ſaw her go into that Chamber where he knew ſhe lay; he ſaw her perfect Dreſs, and all confirm'd him; this brought him back almoſt to his former confuſion; but yet he commands his Paſſion, and deſcended the Stairs, and got himſelf out of the Hall into the Street; and *Silvia* having forgot the Street Door was open, went and ſhut it, and return'd to *Antonett*'s Chamber with the Letter which *Brilljard* had given to *Antonett*, as ſhe lay in the Bed, believing it *Silvia*: For that trembling Lover was no ſooner enter'd the Chamber and approach'd the Bed ſide, but he kneel'd before it,

and

and offer'd the price of his Happineſs, this Letter; which ſhe immediately gave to *Silvia* unperceiv'd, who quitted the Room: And now with all the eager haſte of impatient Love, ſhe ſtrikes a Light and falls to reading the ſad contents; but as ſhe read ſhe many times fainted over the Paper, and as ſhe has ſince ſaid, 'twas a wonder ſhe ever recover'd, having no Body with her. By that time ſhe had finiſh'd it, ſhe was ſo ill ſhe was not able to get her ſelf into Bed, but threw her ſelf down on the place where ſhe ſate, which was the ſide of it, in ſuch Agonies of Grief and Deſpair, as never any Soul was poſſeſs'd of, but *Silvia's*, wholly abandon'd to the violence of Love and Deſpair: It is impoſſible to paint a Torment to expreſs hers by; and tho ſhe had vow'd to *Antonett* it ſhould not

not at all affect her, being ſo prepoſſeſs'd before; yet when ſhe had the confirmation of her fears, and heard his own dear ſoft words addreſs'd to another Object, ſaw his Tranſports, his Impatience, his Languiſhing Induſtry and Endeavour to obtain the new deſire of his Soul; ſhe found her reſentment above Rage, and given over to a more ſilent and leſs ſupportable Torment, brought her ſelf into a high Fever; where ſhe lay without ſo much as calling for Aid in this Extremity; not that ſhe was afraid the Cheat ſhe had put on *Octavio* would be diſcover'd, for ſhe had loſt the remembrance that any ſuch Prank was plaid; and in this multitude of thoughts of more concern, had forgot all the reſt of that Night's Action.

Octavio this while was traverſing the Street, wrapt in his Cloak

juſt

juſt as if he had come from Horſe, for he was no ſooner gone from the Door, but his reſenting Paſſion return'd, and he reſolv'd to go up again, and diſturb the Lovers, tho' it coſt him his life and fame: But returning haſtily to the Door he found it ſhut; at which being enraged, he was often about to break it open, but ſtill ſome unperceivable Reſpect for *Silvia* prevented him, but he reſolv'd not to ſtir from the Door, till he ſaw the fortunate Rogue come out, who had given him all this Torment? At firſt he curs'd himſelf for being ſo much concern'd for *Silvia* or her Actions, to waſte a Minute, but flattering himſelf that it was not love to her, but pure curioſity to know the Man, who was made the next Fool to himſelf, tho the more happy one, he waited all Night, and when he

he began too ſee the day break, which he thought a thouſand years; his Eye was never off from the Door, and wonder'd at their confidence, who wou'd let the day break upon them, *but the cloſe-drawn Curtains there*, cry'd he, *favours the happy Villainy*: Still he walk'd on, and ſtill he might for any Rival that was to appear for a moſt unlucky accident prevented *Brilljard's* coming out, as he doubly intended to do, firſt for the better carrying on of his cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challeng'd *Octavio* to fight, and when he knew his Error, deſign'd to have gone this morning and ask'd him pardon if he had been return'd; but the Amorous Lover over Night, ordering himſelf for the Incounter to the beſt advantage had ſent a Note to a Doctor, for ſomething that wou'd encourage

encourage his Spirits, the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine: He told him that a Dose of those little Flies wou'd make him come off with wondrous Honour in the Battle of Love, and the Doctor being gone to call for a Glass of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requisite on a piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open; our Spark thought if such a Dose wou'd encourage him so, a greater would yet make him do greater Wonders, and taking twice the quantity out of the Box, puts 'em into his Pocket, and having drunk the first with full Directions, the Doctor leaves him; who was no sooner gone, but he takes those out of his Pocket, and in a Glass of Sack drinks 'em down; after this he Baths and dresses, and believes

believes himself a very *Hercules*, that cou'd have got at least twelve Sons that happy Night; But he was no sooner laid in Bed with the charming *Silvia* as he thought, but he was taken with intolerable Gripes and Pains, such as he had never felt before, insomuch as he was not able to lie in the Bed: This enrages him, he grows mad and asham'd, sometimes he had little Intermissions for a moment of ease, and then he wou'd plead softly by her Bed-side, and ask ten thousand Pardons; which being easily granted, he wou'd go into Bed again, but then the pain wou'd seize him anew, so that after two or three hours of Distraction he was forc'd to dress and retire: but instead of going down he went softly up to his own Chamber, where he sate him down and

curs'd

curs'd the World, himself and his hard Fate; and in this extremity of Pain, Shame and Grief, he remain'd till break of Day: By which time *Antonett*, who was most violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where she found her Lady more dead than alive. She immediately shifted her Bed Linen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it, without endeavouring to divert her with the History of her own Misfortune; and only ask'd her many Questions concerning her being thus ill: To which the wretched *Silvia* only answer'd with Sighs; so that *Antonett* perceiv'd 'twas the Letter that had disorder'd her, and begg'd she might be permitted to see it; she gave her leave, and *Antonett* read it; but no sooner was she come to that part of

it,

it which nam'd the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, but ſhe ask'd her Lady if ſhe underſtood who that Perſon was, with great Amazement? At this *Silvia* was content to ſpeak, pleas'd a little that ſhe ſhould have an account of her Rival. *No*, ſaid ſhe, *Doſt thou know her?* *Yes, Madam*, replyed *Antonet*, *particularly well, for I have ſerv'd her ever ſince I was a Girl of five years old; ſhe being of the ſame Age with me, and ſent at ſix years old both to a Monaſtry; for ſhe being fond of my Play, her Father ſent me at that Age with her, both to ſerve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles, there we liv'd ſeven years together, when an old rich* Spaniard, *the Count of* Clarinau, *fell in love with my Lady, and married her from the Monaſtery, before ſhe had ſeen any part of the World beyond thoſe ſanctified*

Walls. She cry'd bitterly to have had me to Collen *with her, but he ſaid I was too young now for her Service, and ſo ſent me away back to my own Town, which is this, and here my Lady was born too; and is Siſter to*——— Here ſhe ſtopt, fearing to tell; which *Silvia* perceiving, with a briskneſs (which her Indiſpoſition one wou'd have thought cou'd not have allowed) ſate up in her Bed, and cry'd, *Hah Siſter to whom? Oh, how thou wouldſt pleaſe me to ſay to* Octavio. *Why Madam would it pleaſe you* ſaid the bluſhing Maid? *Becauſe* ſaid *Silvia, 'twou'd in part revenge me on his bold Addreſſes to me, and he would alſo be obliged in honour to his Family, to revenge himſelf on* Philander. *Ah Madam,* ſaid ſhe, *as to his preſumption towards you, fortune has ſufficiently reveng'd it*; at this ſhe hung down her

her head and look'd very fooliſhly: *How*, ſaid *Silvia*, ſmiling and rearing her ſelf yet more in her Bed, *Is any misfortune arriv'd to* Octavio. *Oh how I will triumph and upbraid the daring Man——— tell me quickly what it is; for nothing would rejoyce me more than to hear he were puniſh'd a little*: Upon this *Antonett* told her what an unlucky Night ſhe had, how *Octavio* was ſeiz'd, and how he departed, by which *Silvia* believ'd he had made ſome diſcovery of the Cheat that was put upon him, and that he only feign'd illneſs to get himſelf looſe from her embraces; and now ſhe falls to conſidering how ſhe ſhall be reveng'd on both her Lovers: And the beſt ſhe can pitch upon is that of ſetting them both at odds, and making them fight and revenge themſelves on one ano-

ther; but she like a right Woman, could not dissemble her Resentment of Jealousie, what ever Art she had to do so in any other point; but mad to ease her Soul that was full, and to upbraid *Philander*, she writes him a Letter, but not till she had once more, to make her stark mad, read his over again, which he sent *Octavio*.

Silvia *to* Philander.

YES, perjur'd Villain, at last all thy Perfidy is arriv'd to my Knowledge; and thou hadst better have been damn'd, or have fall'n like an ungrateful Traytor as thou art, under the publick Shame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fall'n under the Grasp of my Revenge,

venge, insatiate as thy Lust, false as thy Treasons to thy Prince, fatal as thy Destiny, loud as thy Infamy, and bloody as thy Party. Villain, Villain, where got you the Courage to use me thus, knowing my Injuries, and my Spirit; thou seest, base Traytor, I do not fall on thee with Treachery, as thou hast on thy King, and Mistress; to which thou hast broke thy Holy Vows of Allegiance and Eternal Love! but thou that hast broke the Laws of God and Nature! What cou'd I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, common Justice, nor Law cou'd bind thee to humanity; thou that betray'd thy Prince, abandon'd thy Wife, renounc'd thy Child, kill'd thy Mother, ravish'd thy Sister, and art in open Rebellion against thy Native Country, and very Kindred and Brothers. Oh after this,

what muſt the Wretch expect, who has believ'd thee, and follow'd thy abject Fortunes, the miſerable outcaſt Slave, and contempt of the World: What cou'd ſhe expect, but that the Villain is ſtill potent in thee unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains, and all the Vertue vaniſh'd. Oh, what cou'd I expect from ſuch a Devil, ſo loſt in Sin and Wickedneſs, that even thoſe, for whom he ventur'd all his Fame, and loſt his Fortune, lent like a State Cully upon the pub'ick Faith, on the Security of Rogues, Knaves and Traytors: even thoſe I ſay turn'd him out of their Councels, for a Reprobate too lewd for the villainous Society: Oh curs'd that I was by Heaven and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy Infamy, and ſuffer thy adorable bewitching face

Face and Tongue to charm me to madneſs and undoing, when that was all thou hadſt left thee thy falſe Perſon, to cheat the ſilly, eaſie, fond, believing World, into any ſort of opinion of thee, for not one good Principle was left, not one poor Vertue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadſt but one Friend let thee, one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched *Silvia*; ſhe, when all abandon'd thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, ſuffer'd with thee, ſtarv'd with thee, loſt her Fame and Honour with thee, loſt her Friend, her Parents and all her Beauties hopes for thee, and in lieu of all, found only the Accuſation of all the Good, the hate of all the Vertuous, the Reproaches of her Kindred, the ſcorn of all chaſte Maids, and curſes of all honeſt Wives; and in requital had only

thy falſe Vows, thy empty Love, thy faithleſs Embraces, and cold diſſembled Kiſſes. My only Comfort was, (ah miſerable Comfort) to fancy they were true; now that's departed too, and I have nothing but a brave Revenge left in the room of all! in which I'll be as mercileſs and irreligious as even thou haſt been in all thy Actions; and there remains about me only this Senſe of Honour yet; that I dare tell thee of my bold deſign; a bravery thou haſt never ſhewed to me, who takeſt me unawares, ſtabb'ſt me without a warning of the blow; ſo wou'dſt thou ſerve thy King hadſt thou but Power; and ſo thou ſerv'ſt thy Miſtreſs; when I look back even to thy Infancy, thy Life has been but one continued Race of Treachery, and I (deſtin'd thy evil Genius) was born for thy tormen-

Tormentor, for thou haſt made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all Rage, all Torment, Fire, diſtraction, madneſs; I rave, I burn, I tear my ſelf and faint, am ſtill a dying, but can never fall, till I have graſp'd thee with me: Oh, I ſhou'd laugh in Flames to ſee thee howling by: I ſcorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have lov'd thee, and hate my ſelf ſo much for ever loving thee, (to be reveng'd upon the filthy Criminal) I will expoſe my ſelf to all the World, cheat, jilt, and flatter all as thou haſt done, and having not one Senſe or Grain of Honour left, will yield the abandon'd body, thou has rifled to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchaſe this, ſhall buy it at the price of being my *Bravo's*. And all ſhall aid in my Re-

venge on thee; all mercileſs and as reſolv'd as I; as I! the injur'd

Silvia.

Having ſhot this flaſh of the lightning of her ſoul, and finiſht her rant, ſhe found her ſelf much eaſier in the reſolves on revenge ſhe had fix'd there: She ſcorn'd by any vain endeavour to recal him from his Paſſion, ſhe had Wit enough to have made thoſe eternal Obſervations, that Love once gone is never to be retriev'd, and that it was impoſſible to ceaſe loving, and then again to love the ſame Perſon, one may believe for ſometime ones love is abated, but when it comes to a tryal, it ſhews it ſelf as vigorous as in its firſt ſhine, and finds its own Error; but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than pity, compaſſion, or civility for the firſt: This

This is a moſt certain truth which all Lovers will find, as moſt Wives may experience, and which our *Silvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all but her Revenge. Tho Fits of Softneſs, Weeping, Raving, and Tearing, wou'd by turns ſeize the diſtra-cted abandon'd Beauty, in which Extremities ſhe has recourſe to Scorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The firſt thing ſhe reſolv'd on by the advice of her reaſonable Counſel-lor, was to hear Love at both her ears, no matter whether ſhe regard it or not, but to hear all as a remedy againſt loving one in par-ticular; for 'tis moſt certain that the uſe of hearing Love, or of making Love (tho' at firſt with-out deſign) either in Women or Men, ſhall at laſt unfix the moſt confirm'd and conſtant Reſoluti-

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on. *And since you are assur'd,* continu'd *Antonett*, *that Sighs nor Tears brings back the wander'd Lover, and that dying for him will be no revenge on him, but rather a kind assurance that you will no more trouble the Man, who is already weary of you, you ought with all your Power, Industry, and Reason rather to seek the preservation of that Beauty, and fine humour to serve you on all Occasions, either for Revenge or Love, than by a foolish and insignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce your self to the Condition of being scorn'd by all, or at best but pityed*: How! pity'd! cry'd the haughty *Silvia*, Is there any thing so insupportable to our Sex as pity! No surely, reply'd the Servant, when 'tis accompany'd by Love: Oh what blessed comfort 'tis to hear People cry —— She was once Charming, once a Beauty:

Beauty: Is any thing more grating, Madam? At this rate she ran on, and left nothing unsaid that might animate the angry *Silvia* to love a-new, or at least to receive and admit of Love, for in that Climate, the Air naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines them to the Love of Money, which they will gain at any price or hazard, and all this discourse to *Silvia* was but to incline the revengeful listning Beauty to admit of the Addresses of *Octavio*, because she knew he wou'd make her Fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid, left by her own unfortunate conduct, incompass'd in on every side with Distraction; and she was pointed out by Fate to be made the most wretched of all her Sex, nor had she left one faithful Friend to advise or stay her youth in its ha-

sty

ſty advance to ruin; ſhe hears the perſwading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing ſo prevalent on her Soul as Revenge, and nothing ſooths it more; and amongſt all her Lovers, or thoſe at leaſt that ſhe knew ador'd her, none was found ſo proper an inſtrument as the noble *Octavio*, his youth, his wit, his gallantry, but above all his fortune pleads moſt powerfully with her; ſo that ſhe reſolves upon the Revenge and fixes him the Man; whom ſhe now knew by ſo many Obligations was oblig'd to ſerve her turn on *Philander*: Thus *Silvia* found a little Tranquility, ſuch as it was, in hope of revenge, while the paſſionate *Octavio* was wreck'd with a thouſand Pains and Torments, ſuch as none but jilted Lovers can imagine, and having a thouſand times reſolv'd to hate her,

her, and as often to love on, in ſpight of all —— after a thouſand Arguments againſt her, and as many in favour of her, he arriv'd only to this knowledge, that his Love was extream, and that he had no power over his Heart, that Honour, Fame, Int'reſt, and whatever elſe might oppoſe his Violent flame, were all too weak to extinguiſh the leaſt Spark of it, and all the Conqueſt he cou'd get of himſelf was, that he ſuffered all his Torment, all the Hell of raging Jealouſie grown to Confirmation, and all the Pangs of abſence for that whole day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without eaſing one Moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet; which in ſuch caſes diſcharges the burthen and preſſures of the Love-ſick Heart; and *Silvia* who dreſt, and ſuffer'd her ſelf wholly to be

carry'd

carry'd away by her Vengeance, expected him with as much impatience as ever she did the coming of the once adorable *Philander*, tho' with a different Passion; but all the live-long day past in expectation of him, and no Lover appear'd; no not so much as a Billet, nor Page at her uprising to ask her Health; so that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonett* told her of his being so all Night, and fearing now that it was no discovery of the cheat put upon him by the exchange of the Maid for the Mistress, but real sickness, she resolv'd to send to him, and the rather because *Antonett* assur'd her he was really sick, and in a cold damp sweat all over his Face and Hands which she touch'd, and that from his infinite concern at the defeat, the extreme respect he shew'd her in

midſt of all the rage at his own diſappointment, and every Circumſtance; ſhe knew it was no feign'd thing for any diſcovery he had made: On this confirmation, from a Maid cuning enough to diſtinguiſh Truth from flattery, ſhe writ *Octavio* this Letter at Night.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

AFter ſuch a parting from a Maid ſo entirely kind to you; ſhe might at leaſt have hop'd the favour of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your health; unleſs you think that after we have ſurrendred all, we are of the Humour of moſt of your Sex, who deſpiſe the obliger, but I believ'd you a Man above the little Crimes and Levities of your Race, and I am yet

ſo

ſo hard to be drawn from that Opinion; I am willing to flatter my ſelf, that 'tis yet ſome other reaſon that has hindred you from viſiting me ſince, or ſending me an account of your recovery, which I am too ſenſible of to believe was feign'd, and which indeed has made me ſo tender, that I eaſily forgive all the diſappointment I receiv'd from it; and beg you will not afflict your ſelf at any loſs, you ſuſtain'd by it, ſince I am ſtill ſo much the ſame I was, to be as ſenſible as before of all the Obligations I have to you, ſend me word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great part of the Happineſs of

Silvia.

You may eaſily ſee by this Letter ſhe was not in a humour of either writing Love or much Flattery, for yet ſhe knew not how ſhe

ſhe ought to reſent this abſence in all kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what force ſhe could put upon a Soul too wholly taken up with the thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, ſhe only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it ſhe might learn part of his Sentiment of her laſt action, and ſent her Page with it to him; who, as was uſual, was carried directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery, walking in a moſt dejected poſture without a Hat, unbrac'd, his Arms a-croſs his open Breaſt, and his Eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any notice when the Pages entred, his own was forced to pull him by the Sleeve, before he would look up, and ſtarting from a thouſand thoughts that oppreſt him almoſt to death, he gaz'd wildly about him and

ask'd

ask'd their buſineſs: When the Page deliver'd him the Letter: he took it, but with ſuch Confuſion as he had much a-do to ſupport himſelf, but reſolving not to ſhew his feebleneſs to her Page, he made a ſhift to get to a Wax Light, that was on the Table and read it; and was not much amaz'd at the Contents, believing ſhe was purſuing the buſineſs of her Sex and Life, and jilting him on; (for ſuch was his opinion of all Women now) he forc'd a Smile of ſcorn, tho' his Soul were burſting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal Reward, as was his daily uſe when he came, and muſter'd up ſo much Courage as to force himſelf to ſay—*Child, tell your Lady it requires no anſwer, you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*——He was oppreſs'd to ſpeak more, but Sighs ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd him, and his former reſolution, wholly to abandon all Correſpondence with her, check'd his forward Tongue; and he walk'd away to prevent himſelf from ſaying more: While the Page, who wonder'd at this turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed, and when *Octavio* had ended his walk, and turn'd, and ſaw him gone, his Heart felt a thouſand Pangs not to be born or ſupported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the Boy did not urge him for an anſwer. He read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her laſt Nights Action, tho all was riddle to him: He found 'twas writ to ſome happier Man than himſelf, however he chanc'd to have it by miſtake; and turning to the out-ſide, view'd the Superſcription, where there happen'd to be none

at

at all, for *Silvia* writ in haſte, and when ſhe did it 'twas the leaſt of her thoughts: And now he believ'd he had found out the real Myſtery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he ſent immediately after that of *Silvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a Moment) he brought him to his diſtracted Lord; who nevertheleſs aſſum'd a mildneſs to the innocent Boy, and cry'd, *My Child thou haſt miſtaken the Perſon to whom thou ſhou'dſt have carried the Letter, and I am ſorry I open'd it; pray return it to the happy Man 'twas meant to*, giving him the Letter. *My Lord*, reply'd the Boy, *I do not uſe to carry Letters to any but your Lordſhip: 'Tis the Footmens buſineſs to do that to other Perſons. 'Tis a miſtake, where-ever*

it

it lies, cry'd *Octavio* ſighing, *whether in thee or thy Lady*——So turning from the wondring Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the relation of what ſhe heard from the Page, and notwithſtanding the torment ſhe had on her Soul, occaſioned by *Philander*, ſhe now found ſhe had more to endure, and that in ſpight of all her Love-Vows and Reſentments, ſhe had ſomething for *Octavio* to which ſhe cou'd not give a Name, ſhe fancies it all Pride, and Concern for the indignity put on her Beauty: But whatever it was this ſlight of his ſo wholly took up her Soul, that ſhe had for ſometime quite forgot *Philander*, or when ſhe did think on him 'twas with leſs Reſentment than of this affront; ſhe conſiders *Philander* with ſome excuſe now; as having

ving long been poſſeſs'd of a Happineſs he might grow weary of; but a new Lover, who had for ſix Months inceſſantly lain at her Feet, Imploring, Dying, Vowing, Weeping, Sighing, Giving, and Acting all things the moſt paſſionate of Men was capable of, or that Love cou'd inſpire, for him to be at laſt admitted to the poſſeſſion of the raviſhing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed; nay in her very Arms (as ſhe imagin'd he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roſes he came to pluck, before he had begun to compoſe, or finiſh'd his Noſegay, to depart the happy Paradiſe with a diſguſt, and ſuch a diſguſt, as firſt to oblige him to diſſemble Sickneſs, and next fall even from all his Civilities, was a contempt ſhe was not able to bear; eſpecially from

him

him who of all Men living she design'd to make the greatest Property of, as most fit for her Revenge, of all degrees and sorts: But when she reflected with Reason, (which she seldom did, for either Love or Rage blinded that) she cou'd not conceive it possible that *Octavio* cou'd be fall'n so suddenly from all his Vows and Professions, but on some very great provocation: Sometimes she thinks he tempted her to try her Vertue to *Philander*, and being a perfect Honourable Friend, hates her for her levity, but she considers his presents, and his unwearied Industry, and believes he wou'd not at that expence have bought a knowledge which cou'd profit neither himself or *Philander*; then she believes some distastful Scent or something about *Antonett* might disoblige him; but having call'd the Maid,

conjuring her to tell her whether any thing pass'd between her and *Octavio*; she again told her Lady the whole truth, in which there cou'd be no discovery of Infirmity there; she embrac'd her, she kiss'd her Bosom, and found her Touches soft, her Breath and Bosom sweet as any thing in Nature cou'd be; and now lost almost in a Confusion of thought, she could not tell what to imagine; at last she being wholly possess'd that all the fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) she concludes that *Antonett* has told him all the cheat she put upon him: This last Thought pleas'd her, because it seem'd the most probable, and was the most favourable to her self; and a thought, that if true cou'd not do her any Injury with him. This set her Heart

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a little to rights, and she grew calm with a belief, that if so it was, as now she doubted not, a sight of her, or a future Hope from her, wou'd calm all his Discontent, and beget a right Understanding: she therefore resolves to write to him and own her little Fallacy: But before she did so; *Octavio* whose Passion was violent as ever in his Soul, tho 'twas oppress't with a thousand Torments, and languish'd under as many feeble Resolutions, burst at last into all its former Softness, and he resolves to write to the false Fair One, and upbraid her with her last Nights Infidelity; nor cou'd he sleep till he had that way charm'd his Senses, and eas'd his sick afflicted Soul. It being now ten at Night, and he retir'd to his Chamber, he set himself down, and writ this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

YOU have at laſt taught me a perfect Knowledge of my ſelf; and in one unhappy Night made me ſee all the Follies and Vanities of my Soul, which Self-Love and fond Imagination had too long rendred that way guilty; long, long! I've play'd the Fop as others do, and ſhew'd the gaudy Monſieur, and ſet a Value on my worthleſs Perſon for being well dreſs'd, as I believ'd, and furniſh'd out for Conqueſt, by being the gayeſt Coxcomb in the Town; where even as I paſt perhaps I fancy'd, I made advances on ſome wiſhing Hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I ſtill fool'd on——and

was

was at last undone; for I saw *Silvia*, the Charming Faithless *Silvia*, a Beauty that one wou'd have thought had had the power to have cur'd the fond disease of self conceit and foppery, since love they say's a remedy against those faults of Youth; but still my Vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too: I thought it not impossible to vanquish, and still dress'd on, and took a mighty care to shew my self —— a Blockhead. curse upon me, while you were laughing at my Industry, and turn'd the fancying fool to ridicule. Oh, he deserv'd it well; most wondrous well; for but believing any thing about him, cou'd merit but a serious thought from *Sivia*! *Silvia!* whose business is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my Sin, and punishment, reigns still as absolutely in my Soul, as when I

wish'd and hop'd, and long'd for mighty Bleſſings you cou'd give: yes, I ſtill love! only this wretchedneſs is fix'd to it, to ſee thoſe Errors which I cannot ſhun; my love's as high, but all my wiſhes gone; my Paſſion ſtill remains entire and raving, but no deſire, I burn, I dye, but do not wiſh to hope, I would be all Deſpair, and like a Martyr, am vain and proud even in ſuffering. Yes, *Silvia*——when you made me wiſe, you made me wretched too? Before, like a falſe Worſhipper, I only ſaw the gay, the gilded ſide of the deceiving Idol, but now 'tis fall'n—diſcovers all the cheat, and ſhews a God no more; and 'tis in Love as in Religion too, there's nothing makes their Votaries truly happy but being well deceiv'd: For even in Love it ſelf, harmleſs and innocent, as 'tis

by

by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily discontents and torments, that fears, distrusts, and jealousies create; a little soft dissimulation's needful, for where the Lover's easie, he's most constant. But oh, when Love it self's defective too, and manag'd by design and little interest, what cunning, oh what cautions ought the fair designer then to call to her defence; yet I confess your Plot—still Charming *Silvia*, was subtilly enough contriv'd, discreetly carry'd on—The shades of Night, the happy Lovers Refuge, favour'd you too: 'twas only fate was cruel, fate that conducted me in an unlucky hour, dark as it was, and silent too the Night, I saw:—Yes, faithless Fair, I saw, I was betray'd; by too much Faith, by too much Love undone, I saw my fatal Ruin and your Perfidy: and like

a tame ignoble Sufferer left you without revenge!

I must confess, oh thou deceiving fair One, I never cou'd pretend to what I wish'd, and yet methinks, because I know my Heart, and the entire Devotion that it paid you, I merited at least not to have been impos'd upon; but after so dishonourable an Action, as the betraying the Secret of my Friend, it was but just that I shou'd be betray'd, and you have paid me well, deservedly well, and that shall make me silent; and whatsoe're I suffer, howe'er I die, howe'er I languish out my wretched life, I'll bear my Sighs where you shall never hear 'em, nor the reproaches my Complaints express: Live thou a punishment to vain fantastick hoping Youth, live and advance in cunning and deceit, to

make the fond believing Men more wise, and teach the Women newer Arts of Falshood, till they deceive so long, that Man may hate and set as vast a distance between Sex and Sex, as I've resolv'd (oh *Silvia*) thou shalt be for ever from

Octavio.

This Letter came just as *Silvia* was going to write to him; of which she was extreamly glad, for all along there was nothing express'd that cou'd make her think he meant any other than the Cheat she put upon him in *Antonett* instead of her self: And it was some ease to her mind to be assured of the Cause of his anger and absence, and to find her own thought confirm'd, that he

he had indeed discover'd the truth of the matter: she knew since that was all, she cou'd easily reconcile him by a plain Confession, and giving him new Hopes; she therefore writes this answer to him, which she sent by his Page, who waited for it.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Own, too angry, and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a Person of your Gallantry, Wit, and Gayety wou'd have pass'd over so little a fault, with only reproaching me pleasantly, I did not expect so grave a reproof, or rather so serious an Accusation. Youth has a thousand Follies to answer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one Sally of it in *Silvia*. I rather

ther expected to have seen you early here this Morning, pleasantly rallying my little Perfidy, than to find you railing at a distance at it; calling it by a thousand Names that does not merit half this Malice! And sure you did not think me so poor in good nature, but I cou'd some other coming hour have made you amends for those you lost last Night, possibly I cou'd have wish'd my self with you at the same time; and had I perhaps follow'd my Inclination I had made you happy as you wish'd, but there were powerful reasons that prevented me; I conjure you to let me see you, where I will make a confession of my last Nights sin, and give you such Arguments to convince you of the necessity of it, as shall absolutely reconcile you to love, hope, and—

SILVIA.

It

It being late, she only sent this short Billet: And not hoping that Night to see him, she went to Bed, after having enquir'd the health of *Brilljard*, whom she heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover finding it impossible to meet *Octavio*, as he had promis'd, not to fight him, but to ask his Pardon for his mistake, he made a shift, with much ado, to write him a Note, which was this.

My Lord,

I Confess my yesterdays Rudeness, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World; for I was last Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordship, to beg what this most earnestly does for

Your Lordships
most devoted Servant,
Brilljard.

This

This Billet tho it ſignified nothing to *Octavio*, it ſerv'd *Silvia* afterwards to very good uſe and purpoſe, as a little time ſhall make appear. And *Octavio* receiv'd theſe two Notes from *Brilliard* and *Silvia*, at the ſame time; the one he flung by regardleſs, the other he read with infinite pain, ſcorn, hate, indignation, all at once ſtorm'd in his Heart, he felt every paſſion there but that of love, which caus'd em all; if he thought her falſe and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fall'n to the loweſt degree of lewdneſs, to own her Crime with ſuch Impudence; he fanſies now he's cur'd of Love, and hates her abſolutely, thinks her below even his Scorn, and puts himſelf to Bed, believing he ſhall ſleep as well as before he ſaw the light, the fooliſh *Silvia*; But oh he boaſts in vain,

vain, the Light, the fooliſh *Silvia* was charming ſtill; ſtill all the Beauty appear'd, even in his ſlumbers the Angel dawn'd about him, and all the Fiend was laid: He ſees her lovely Face, but the falſe Heart is hid; he hears her charming Wit, but all the cunning's huſh'd: He views the motions of her delicate Body, without regard to thoſe of her mind, he thinks of all the tender Words ſhe has given him, in which the jilting part is loſt, and all forgotten; or if by chance it croſs'd his happier thought, he rowls and tumbles in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name, till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the pains he can to deceive his own Heart: Oh 'tis a tender part, and can endure no hurt; he ſooths it therefore, and at the worſt reſolves, ſince the

vaſt

vaſt Bleſſing may be purchas'd, to revel in Delight; and cure himſelf that way: Theſe flattering thoughts kept him all Night waking, and in the Morning he reſolves his Viſit; but taking up her Letter which lay on the Table, he read it o'er again, and by degrees, wrought himſelf up to madneſs at the thought that *Silvia* was poſſeſs'd: *Philander* he cou'd bear with little Patience, but that becauſe before he lov'd or knew her, he cou'd allow; but this —— this wrecks his very Soul; and in his height of fury writes this Letter without conſideration.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

SInce you profeſs your ſelf a common Miſtreſs, and ſet up for the Glorious Trade of Sin; ſend

ſend me your Price, and I perhap may purchaſe Damnation at your rate. May be you have a Method in your dealing, and I have miſtook you all this while, and dealt not your way; Inſtruct my Youth, great Miſtreſs of the Art, and I ſhall be obedient; tell me which way I may be happy too, and put in for an Adventurer; I have a Stock of ready Youth and Money, pray name your Time and Summ, for Hours or Nights, or Months; I will be in at all, or any, as you ſhall find leiſure to receive the impatient

Octavio.

This in a mad Moment he writ, and ſent it e'er he had conſider'd farther, and *Silvia*, who expected not ſo courſe and rough a return, grew as mad as he in reading

reading it; and she had much ado to hold her hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it: To whom she turn'd with Fire in her Eyes, Flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cry'd, *Go tell your Master that he is a Villain; and if you dare approach me any more from him; I'll have my Footmen whip you*; and with a Scorn that discover'd all the Indignation in the World she turn'd from him, and tearing his Note, threw it from her and walk'd her way: And the Page, thunder-struck, return'd to his Lord, who by this time was repenting he had manag'd his Passion no better; and at what the Boy told him, was wholly convinc'd of his Error, he now consider'd her Character and Quality, and accus'd himself of great Indiscretion; and as he

was

he was ſitting the moſt dejected melancholy Man on Earth, reflecting on his misfortune, the Poſt arriv'd with Letters from *Philander*, which he open'd, and laying by that which was inclos'd for *Silvia* he read that from *Philander* to himſelf.

Philander *to* Octavio.

THere is no pain, my dear *Octavio*, either in Love or Friendſhip like that of Doubt; and I confeſs my ſelf guilty of giving it you in a great meaſure by my ſilence the laſt Poſt, but having buſineſs of ſo much greater concern to my heart than even writing to *Octavio*; I found my ſelf unable to purſue any other, and I believe you cou'd too with the leſs impatience bear with my neglect having

having Affairs of the ſame nature there; our circumſtances and the buſineſs of our hearts then being ſo reſembling, methinks I have as great an impatience to be recounting to you the Story of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours, and to know what advances you have made in the Heart of the ſtill charming *Silvia*! tho there will be this difference in the Relations; mine, when ever I recount it will give you a double ſatisfaction, firſt from the ſhare your Friendſhip makes you have in all the Pleaſures of *Philander*, and next that it excuſes *Silvia*, if ſhe can be falſe to me, for *Octavio*; and ſtill advances his deſign on her heart: But yours, when ever I receive it, will give me a thouſand pains, which 'tis however but juſt I ſhould feel, ſince I was the firſt breaker of the ſolemn League and

Co-

Covenant made between us: which yet I do by all that's Sacred with a Regret, that makes me reflect with ſome repentance in all thoſe Moments wherein I do not wholly give my Soul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Caliſta*: yes more, becauſe new.

In my laſt, my dear *Octavio*, you left me purſuing, like a Knight-Errant, a Beauty inchanted within ſome inviſible Tree, or Caſtle, or Lake, or any thing inacceſſible, or rather wandring in a Dream after ſome glorious diſappearing Fantom: And for ſome time indeed, I knew not whether I ſlept or wak'd. I ſaw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*; of whom I durſt not ſo much as ask a civil queſtion towards the ſatisfaction of my Soul; the Page was ſent into *Holland* (with ſome Expreſs to a Brother-in-Law of the Counts) of whom

whom before I had the intelligence of a fair young Wife to the old Lord his Master; and for the rest of the Servants they spoke all *Spanish*, and the Devil a Word we understood each other, so that 'twas impossible to learn any thing farther from them: and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own Industry, but how to set it a working, I cou'd not devise; at last it happen'd, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three sides, and a fine large Apartment on the other, I concluded, that 'twas in that part of the House, my fair new Conqueress resided, but how to be resolv'd I cou'd not tell, nor which way the Windows look'd that were to give the Light, forwards that part o'th' Garden there was none; at last I saw the good old Gentleman

Man come trudging through the Garden fumbling out of his Pocket a Key, I ſtept into an Arbour to obſerve him, and ſaw him open a little Door that led him into another Garden, and locking the Door after him, vaniſht; and obſerving how that ſide of the Apartment lay, I went into the Street, and after a large compaſs, found that which fac'd that Garden, which made the fore-part of the Apartment. I made a ſtory of ſome occaſion I had for ſome upper Rooms, and went into many Houſes, to find which fronted beſt the Apartment, and ſtill diſlik'd ſomething till I met with one ſo directly to it, that I cou'd, when I got a Story higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this by ſtreet: there'twas I fixt, and learnt from a young *Dutch* woman that ſpoke good *French*,

that

that, that was the very place I lookt for; the Apartment of Madam, the Countess of *Clarinau*: She told me too, that every day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and sometimes a Nights; and bewail'd the young Beauty, who had no better entertainment than what an old wither'd *Spaniard* of threescore and ten cou'd give her: I found this young Woman apt for my purpose, and having very well pleas'd her with my Conversation, and some little Presents I made her, I left her in good Humour, and resolv'd to serve me on any design; and returning to my Lodging I found old *Clarinau* return'd, as brisk and gay as if he had been caress'd by so fair and young a Lady; which very thought made me rave, and I had abundance of pain to withhold my Rage from breaking out upon him,

so

so jealous and envious I was of what now I lov'd and desir'd a thousand times more than ever; since the relation my new young female Friend had given me: who had Wit and Beauty sufficient to make her Judgment impartial. However I contain'd my Jealousie with the hopes of a sudden revenge; for I fancy'd the business half accomplisht in my knowledge of her residence. I feign'd some business to the old Gentleman, that wou'd call me out of Town for a week to consult with some of our Party, and taking my leave of him, he offered me the Complement of Money, or what else I should need in my Affair, which at that time was not unwelcome to me, and being well furnish'd for my Enterprise, I took Horse without a Page or Footman to attend me, because I pretended my business

was

was a Secret, and taking a turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my Horse without the Gates, and went to my secret new Quarters, where my young Friend receiv'd me with the Joy of a Mistress, and with whom indeed I cou'd not forbear entertaining my self very well, which engag'd her more to my Service, with the aid of my Liberality; but all this did not allay one spark of the Fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Calista*; and I was impatient for Night, against which time I was preparing an Engine to mount the Battlement, for so it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All things fitted to my purpose, I fix'd my self at the Window that look'd directly towards her Sashes; and had the satisfaction to see her leaning there, and look-

ing on a Fountain that ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and caſt a thouſand little Streams into the Air, that made a melancholy noiſe in falling into a large Alablaſter Ciſtern beneath: Oh how my Heart danc'd at the dear ſight, to all the Tunes of Love; I had not power to ſtir or ſpeak, or to remove my Eyes, but languiſht on the window where I leant half dead with Joy and Tranſport; for ſhe appear'd more charming to my view: Undreſs'd and fit for Love! Oh, my *Octavio*, ſuch are the Pangs which I believe thou feltſt at the approach of *Silvia*, ſo beats thy Heart, ſo riſe thy Sighs, and Wiſhes, ſo trembling and ſo pale as every view, as I was in this lucky amorous Moment! and thus I fed my Soul till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object, but my Heart—a thou-

ſand

ſand dear Ideas: and now I ſal-
ly'd out, and with good Succeſs,
for with a long Engine which
reach'd the top of the Wall I fix'd
the end of my Ladder there, and
mounted it, and ſitting on the
top brought my Ladder eaſily up
to me, and turn'd it over to the
other ſide; and with abundance
of eaſe deſcended into the Garden,
which was the fineſt I had ever
ſeen; for now, as good luck wou'd
have it, who was deſign'd to fa-
vour me, the Moon began to
ſhine ſo bright, as even to make me
diſtinguiſh the Colours of the
Flowers that dreſs'd all the Banks
in raviſhing order; but theſe were
not the Beauty I came to poſſeſs,
and my new thoughts of diſpo-
ſing my ſelf, and managing my
matters, now took off all that
Admiration that was juſtly due
to ſo delightful a place, which art

and Nature had agreed to render charming to every Sence, thus much I conſider'd it, that there was nothing that did not invite to Love; a thouſand pretty receſſes of Arbours, Grotts and little Artificial Groves; Fountains inviron'd with Beds of Flowers, and little Rivulets, to whoſe dear fragrant Banks, a wiſhing amorous God wou'd make his ſoft retreat, after having ranged about rather to ſeek a Covert on occaſion, and to know the Paſſes of the Garden, which might ſerve me in any extremity of Surprize that might happen. I return'd to the Fountain that fac'd *Caliſta*'s Window, and leaning on its brink, view'd the whole Apartment, which appear'd very magnificent: Juſt againſt me I perceiv'd a Door that went into it; which while I was conſidering how

how to get open, I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Baſon of the Fountain, (yet ſo as to mark who came out) I ſaw to my unſpeakable tranſport the Fair, the Charming *Caliſta*, dreſs'd juſt as ſhe was at the Window, a looſe Gown of Silver ſtuff lapt about her delicate Body, her Head in fine Night cloaths, and all careleſs as my Soul could wiſh; ſhe came, and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her ſay in coming out,——*This is too fine a Night to ſleep in*: *Prithee* Dormina *do not grudge me the pleaſure of it, ſince there are ſo very few that entertain* Caliſta. This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, and a languiſhment in her Voice, that ſhot new Flames of Love into my panting Heart, and trill'd through all my Veins; while ſhe purſu'd her Walk with the old Gentle-

Woman: and ſtill I kept my ſelf at ſuch a diſtance, to have 'em in my ſight, but ſlid along the ſhady ſide of the Walk where I cou'd not be eaſily ſeen, while they kept ſtill on the ſhiny part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholy Object of my raving Deſire; her Shape, her Gate, her Motion, every Step, and every Movement of her Hand and Head, had a peculiar Grace; a thouſand times I was tempted to approach her, and diſcover my ſelf, but I dreaded the Fatal Conſquence, the old Woman being by; nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore with impatience waited when ſhe wou'd ſpeak, that by that I might make ſome diſcovery of my deſtiny

ſtiny that Night; and after having tir'd her ſelf a little with walking, ſhe ſate down on a fine Seat of White Marble, that was plac'd at the end of a graſſie walk, and only ſhadow'd with ſome tall Trees that rank'd themſelves behind it, 'gainſt one of which I lean'd: There for a quarter of an hour they ſate as ſilent as the Night, where only ſoft-breath'd Winds were heard amongſt the Bows, and ſofter Sighs from fair *Caliſta*; at laſt the old thing broke ſilence, who was almoſt aſleep while ſhe ſpoke. *Madam, if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not ſit gazing here at the Moon.* *To bed*, reply'd *Caliſta*, *what ſhou'd I do there?* *Marry ſleep*, quoth the old Gentlewoman, *what ſhou'd you do?* *Ah* Dormina (ſigh'd *Caliſta*) *wou'd Age wou'd ſeize me too, for then perhaps I ſhou'd find*

at leaſt the Pleaſure of the Old; be dull and lazy; love to eat and ſleep not, have my Slumbers undiſturb'd with Dreams more inſupportable than my waking Wiſhes; for reaſon, then ſuppreſſes riſing thoughts, and the impoſſibility of obtaining keeps the fond Soul in order, but Sleep—gives an unguarded looſe to ſoft Deſire, it brings the lovely Fantom to my View, and tempts me with a thouſand Charms to Love; I ſee a Face, a Mien, a Shape, a Look! ſuch as Heaven never made, or any thing but fond Imagination! Oh 'twas a wondrous Viſion! For my part, replyed the old One, *I am ſuch a Heathen Chriſtian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any ſuch things as Viſions, or Ghoſts, or Fantoms: But your head runs of a young Man, becauſe you are married to an old One; ſuch an Idea as you fram'd in your Wiſhes, poſſeſs'd*

your

your fancy, which was so strong (as indeed fancy will be sometimes,) that it perswaded you, 'twas a very Fantom or Vision. Let it be Fancy or Vision, or whatever else you can give a Name to, reply'd *Calista, still 'tis that that never ceas'd since to torture me with a thousand Pains; and prithee why,* Dormina, *is not Fancy since as powerful in me as it was before? Fancy has not been since so kind; yet I have given it room for thought, which before I never did; I set whole hours and days, and fix'd my Soul upon the lovely Figure; I know its Stature to an inch, tall and divinely made; I saw his Hair, Long, Black, and Curling to his Waste, all loose and flowing; I saw his Eyes, where all the* Cupids *play'd, Black, Large, and Sparkling, Piercing, Loving, Languishing; I saw his Lips, Sweet, Dimpled, Red, and Soft, a Youth compleating all, like early*

May; *that looks, and ſmells, and cheers above the reſt: In fine, I ſaw him ſuch as nothing but the niceſt Fancy can imagine, and nothing can deſcribe, I ſaw him ſuch as robs me of my reſt, as gives me all the raging pains of Love (Love I believe it is) without the Joy of any ſingle Hope: Oh, Madam,* ſaid *Dormina, that Love will quickly die, which is not nurs'd with Hope, why that's its only Food. Pray Heaven I find it ſo,* reply'd *Caliſta.* At that ſhe ſigh'd as if her heart had broken, and lean'd her Arm upon a Rail of the end of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her Hand, and ſo continu'd ſighing without ſpeaking: While I, who was not a little tranſported with what I heard with infinite pain, withheld my ſelf from kneeling at her Feet, and proſtrating before her that happy Fantom of which ſhe had

had ſpoke ſo favourably; but ſtill I fear'd my Fate; and to give any offence, while I was amidſt a thouſand thoughts conſidering which to purſue; I cou'd hear *Dorminа* ſnoring as faſt as cou'd be, leaning at her eaſe on the other end of the Seat, ſupported by a White Marble Rail, which *Caliſta* hearing alſo turn'd, and look'd on her, then ſoftly roſe, and walk'd away to ſee how long ſhe would ſleep there, if not wak'd. Judge now, my dear *Octavio*, whether Love and Fortune were not abſolutely ſubdu'd to my Intereſt, and if all things did not favour my Deſign. The very thought of being alone with *Caliſta*, of making my ſelf known to her, of the opportunity ſhe gave me by going from *Dorminа* into a by Walk, the very joy of ten thouſand Hopes, that fill'd my

Soul

Soul in that happy moment which I fancy'd the moſt bleſs'd of my Life, made me tremble all over; and with unaſſur'd Steps, I ſoftly purſu'd the Object of my new Deſire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cauſe her to make ſome noiſe that might alarm the ſleeping *Dormina*, I ſlack'd my pace, till in a Walk, at the end of which ſhe was oblig'd to turn back, I remain'd, and ſuffer'd her to go on; 'twas a Walk of Graſs, broad, and at the end of it a little Arbour of Greens; into which ſhe went and ſate down, looking towards me, and methought ſhe look'd full at me; ſo that finding ſhe made no noiſe, I ſoftly approach'd the Door of the Arbour, at a convenient diſtance, ſhe then ſtood up in great amaze as ſhe after ſaid, and I kneeling down

in an humble poſture; cry'd —— Wonder not, oh ſacred Charmer of my Soul, to ſee me at your Feet at this late Hour, and in a place ſo inacceſſible; for what Attempt is there ſo hazardous, deſpairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what impoſſibility almoſt can they not overcome? Remove your Fears, oh Conqueress of my Soul, for I am an humble Mortal that adores you; I have a thouſand Wounds, a thouſand Pains that prove me Fleſh and Blood, if you would hear my Story: Oh give me leave to approach you with that Awe you do the ſacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your Charming Lips aſcends the Heavens: —— With ſuch Cant and Stuff as this, which Lovers ſerve themſelves with on occaſion, I leſſen'd the terrors of the fright-

ed

ed Beauty, and she soon saw with Joy in her Eyes, that I was both a mortal, and the same she had before seen in the outward Garden. I rose from my Knees then, and with a Joy that wandred all over my body, trembling and panting I approach'd her, and took her hand and kiss'd it with a Transport that was almost ready to lay me fainting at her Feet; nor did she answer any thing to what I had said, but with Sighs suffer'd her hand to remain in mine; her Eyes she cast to Earth, her Breast heav'd with nimble Motions, and we both unable to support our selves, sate down together on a Green Bank in the Arbour, where by that Light we had, we gaz'd at each other, unable to utter a Syllable on either side. I confess, my dear *Octavia*, I have felt Love before, but no

not

not know, that ever I was poſ-
ſeſs'd with ſuch pleaſing pain, ſuch
agreeable Languiſhment in all my
Life, as in thoſe happy Moments,
with the fair *Caliſta*; And on
the other, I dare anſwer for the
ſoft fair One; ſhe felt a Paſſion
as tender as mine; which, when
ſhe cou'd recover her firſt tranſ-
port, ſhe expreſs'd in ſuch a man-
ner as has wholly charm'd me: For,
with all the Eloquence of young
Angels, and all their Innocence
too, ſhe ſaid, ſhe whiſper'd, ſhe
ſigh'd, the ſofteſt things that ever
Lover heard: I told you before
ſhe had from her Infancy been
bred in a Monaſtry, kept from
the ſight of Men, and knew no
one Art or Subtilty of her Sex:
But in the very purity of her In-
nocence, ſhe appear'd like the firſt
born Maid in Paradice, generouſly
giving her Soul away to the great

Lord

Lord of all, the new form'd Man, and nothing of her Hearts dear thoughts did she reserve, (but such as modest Nature shou'd conceal) yet, if I touch'd but on that tender part where Honour dwelt; she had a Sense too nice, as 'twas a wonder to find so vast a store of that mixt with so soft a Passion. Oh what an excellent thing a perfect Woman is, e'er Men has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himself inconstant? all I cou'd ask of Love she freely gave, and told me every Sentiment of her Heart, but 'twas in such a way, so innocently she confess'd her Passion, that every Word added new Flames to mine, and mad me raging mad: at last she suffer'd me to kiss with caution; but one begat another,—that, a Number——And every one was an advance to Happi-

ness

neſs, and I, who knew my advantage, loſt no time, but put each Minute to the propereſt uſe, now I embrace, claſp her fair lovely Body cloſe to mine, which nothing parted but her Shift and Gown; my buſie Hands find Paſſage to her Breaſts, and give, and take a thouſand nameleſs Joys; all but the laſt I reap'd; that Heaven was ſtill deny'd; though ſhe were fainting in my trembling Arms, ſtill ſhe had watching ſenſe to guard that Treaſure: Yet in ſpight of all, a thouſand times I brought her to the very point of yielding; but oh ſhe begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of Love! tells me that what ſhe had to give ſhe gave, but wou'd not violate her Marriage-Vow: No, not to ſave that Life ſhe found in danger with too much Love, and too extream deſire; ſhe told me

that

that I had undone her quite, she sigh'd and wish'd, that she had seen me sooner, e'er Fate had rendred her a Sacrifice to the embraces of old *Clarinau*, she wept with Love and answer'd with a Sob to every Vow I made: Thus by degrees she wrought me to undoing, and made me mad in Love: 'Twas thus we past the Night; we told the Hasty Hours and curs'd their coming: We told from ten to three; and all that time seem'd but a little Minute: Nor wou'd I let her go, who was as loath to part, till she had given me leave to see her often there; I told her all my Story of her Conquest, and how I came into the Garden: She ask'd me pleasantly if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau*, I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her; which thought I cou'd

not

not bear: she assur'd me I had so little reason to envy him, that he rather deserv'd my Compassion, for that her aversion was so extream to him; his Person, Years, his Temper, and his Diseases were so disagreeable to her, that she cou'd not dissemble her disgust, but gave him most evident Proofs of it too frequently; ever since she had the misfortune of being his Wife; but that since she had seen the charming *Philander*, (for so we must let her call him too) his Company and Conversation was wholly insupportable to her; and but that he had ever us'd to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never disturb'd her Repose, she shou'd have been dead with his nasty Entertainment: She vow'd she never knew a soft desire, but for *Philander* she never had the least con-

concern for any of his Sex beſides, and till ſhe felt his touches—— took in his Kiſſes, and ſuffer'd his dear Embraces, ſhe never knew that Woman was ordained for any Joy with Man, but fancy'd it deſign'd in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppreſs'd at pleaſure by the Husband, dully to yield Obedience and no more: But I had taught her now ſhe ſaid to her eternal Ruin, that there was more in nature than ſhe knew, or ever ſhou'd, had ſhe not ſeen *Philander*; ſhe knew not what dear Name to call it by, but ſomething in her Blood; ſomething that panted in her Heart, glow'd in her Cheeks and languiſh'd in her Looks, told her ſhe was not born for *Clarinau*; or Love wou'd do her wrong: I ſooth'd the thought, and urg'd the Laws of Nature, the power of

of Love, neceſſity of Youth—— And the VVonder that was yet behind, that raviſhing ſomething, which not love orkiſſes cou'd make her gueſs at; ſo beyond all ſoft imagination that nothing but a tryal cou'd convince her; but ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill I pleaded with all the ſubt'leſt Arguments of Love, Words mix'd with Kiſſes; ſighing mix'd with Vows, but all in vain, Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms: thus did we paſs the Night till the young Morn advancing in the Eaſt forc'd us to bid adieu: Which oft we did, and oft we ſigh'd and kiſs'd, oft parted aud return'd, and ſigh'd again, and as ſhe went away ſhe weeping cry'd,——wringing my hand in hers, pray Heaven, *Philander*, this dear Interview do not prove fatal to me; for, oh, I find

find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear minute more wou'd forfeit all my Honour. At this ſhe ſtarted from my trembling Hand, and ſwept the Walk like Wind ſo ſwift and ſudden, and left me panting, ſighing, wiſhing, dying, with mighty Love and Hope, and after a little time I ſcal'd my Wall, and return'd unſeen to my new Lodging. It was four Days after, before I cou'd get any other Happineſs but that of ſeeing her at her window, which was juſt againſt mine, from which I never ſtirr'd, hardly to eat or ſleep, and that ſhe ſaw with Joy, for every Morning I had a Billet from her; which we contriv'd that Happy Night ſhould be conveyed me thus—It was a Bye ſtreet where I lodg'd, and the other ſide was only the dead Wall of her

Garden

Garden, where early in the Morning she us'd to walk; and having the Billet ready, she put it with a Stone into a little Leathern Purse, and tos's'd it over the Wall, where either my self from the Window or any young Friend below waited for it, and that way every Morning and every Evening she receiv'd one from me; but 'tis impossible to tell you the innocent Passion she expres's'd in them, innocent in that there was no art, no fain'd nice folly to expres's a Vertue that was not in the Soul; but all she spoke confest her heart's soft wishes. At last, (for I am tedious in a relation of what gave me so much pleasure in the Enjoyment) at last, I say, I receiv'd the happy invitation to come into the Garden as before, and Night advancing for my purpose I need not say that I deliver'd

my

my ſelf upon the place appointed, which was by the Fountain ſide beneath her Chamber Window; towards which I caſt, you may believe, many a longing Look: The Clock ſtruck ten, eleven, and then twelve, but no dear Star appear'd to conduct me to my Happineſs; at laſt I heard the little Garden Door (againſt the Fountain) open, and ſaw *Caliſta* there wrap'd in her Night-Gown only: I ran like Lightning to her Arms, with all the Tranſports of an eager Lover, and almoſt ſmother'd my ſelf in her warm riſing Breaſt, for ſhe taking me in her Arms, let go her gown, which falling open, left nothing but her Shift between me and all her charming Body: But ſhe bid me hear what ſhe had to ſay before I proceeded farther, ſhe told me ſhe was

forc'd

forc'd to wait till *Dormina* was asleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then stealing the Key, she came softly down to let me in. *But*, said she, *since I am all-undress'd, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promise me on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber, for* Dormina's *Sleep is like death it self; however lest she chance to awake, and should take an occasion to speak to me, 'twere absolutely necessary, that I were there; for since I serv'd her such a trick the other Night, and let her sleep so long, she will not let me walk late.* A very little Argument perswaded me to yield to any thing to be with *Calista* any where; so that both returning softly to her Chamber, she put her self into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet: But

'twas not long that I remain'd so; from the dear touches of her Hands and Breast, we came to Kisses, and so equally to a forgetfulness of all we had promis'd and agreed on before, and broke all Rules and Articles, that were not in the Favour of Love; so that stripping my self by degrees, while she with an unwilling force made some feeble resistance, I got into the Arms of the most charming Woman that ever Nature made; she was all over Perfection; I dare not tell you more; let it suffice she was all that luxurious Man could wish, and all that renders Woman fine and ravishing. About two hours thus was my Soul in rapture, while sometimes she reproach'd me, but so gently, that 'twas to bid me still be false and perjur'd if these were the effects of it; *if disobedience*

dience have ſuch wondrous Charms; *may I*, ſaid ſhe, *be ſtill commanding thee, and thou ſtill diſobeying*; While thus we lay with equal Raviſhment, we heard a murmuring noiſe at diſtance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew ſtill louder and louder, but ſtill at diſtance too: this firſt alarm'd us, and I was no ſooner perſwaded to riſe; but I heard a Door unlock at the ſide of the Bed; which was not that by which I enter'd, for that was at the other end of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heavens*, ſaid the fair frighted Trembler, *here is the Count of* Clerinau: For he always came up that way, and thoſe Stairs by which I aſcended was the Back Stairs; ſo that I had juſt time to grope my way towards the Door without ſo much as taking my Cloaths

with me; never was any Amorous Adventurer in so lamentable a Condition, I would fain have turn'd upon him, and at once have hindred him from entring, with my Sword in my Hand, and secur'd him from ever disturbing my Pleasure any more, but she implor'd I would not; and in this Minutes Dispute he came so near me, that he touch'd me as I glided from him; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never seen my way, I lighted in my Passage on *Dormina*'s Pallat Bed, and threw my self quite over her, to the Chamber Door, which made a damnable clattering, and awaking *Dormina* with my Catastrophe, she set up such a Bawl, as frighted and alarm'd the old Count, who was just taking in a Candle from his Foot-

man,

man, who had lighted it at his Flamboy : So that hearing the noiſe, and knowing it muſt be ſome Body in the Chamber, he lets fall his Candle in the fright, and call'd his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Tolledo, which he had in his Hand, and wrap'd in his Night-Gown, with three or four woollen Caps one upon the top of another, ty'd under his tawny Leathern Chops, he made a very pleaſant Figure, and ſuch a one as had like to have betray'd me by langhing at it ; he cloſely purſu'd me, though not ſo cloſe as to ſee me before him, yet ſo as not to give me time to aſcend the Wall, or to make my eſcape up or down any Walk, which were ſtreight and long, and not able to conceal any body from Purſuers, approach'd ſo near as the

Count was to me: What shou'd I do? I was naked, unarm'd, and no defence against his jealous Rage; and now in danger of my Life, I knew not what to resolve on; yet I swear to you *Octavio*, even in that minute (which I thought my last) I had no repentance of the dear Sin, or any other Fear, but that which possess'd me for the fair *Calista*; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my safety (for I had scarce a thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea born Queen lent me immediate aid, and e'er I was aware of it, I touch'd the Fountain, and in the same minute threw my self into the Water, which a mighty large Bason or Cistern of White Marble contain'd, of a Compass, that forty Men might have hid themselves in it, they had pursu'd me so hard,

hard, they fancy'd they heard me preſs the Gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they ſearch'd round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the bottom of it, while I ſometimes div'd, and ſometimes peep'd up to take a view of my buſie Coxcomb; who had like to have made me burſt into laughter many times, to ſee his Figure, the daſhing of the Stream, which continually fell from the little Pipes above into the Baſon, hindred him from hearing the noiſe I might poſſibly have made by my ſwimming in it: after he had ſurveyed it round without ſide, he took the Torch in his own hand, and ſurvey'd the Water it ſelf while I div'd, and ſo long forc'd to remain ſo, that I believ'd I had eſcap'd his Sword to die that fooliſher way;

but just as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was sure some body did go out before him; and now he search'd every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fish I lay basking in Element still, not daring to adventure out, left his hasty return should find me on the Wall, or in my Passage over: I thank'd my Stars he had not found the Ladder, so that at last returning to *Calista*'s Chamber, after finding no body, he desir'd (as I heard the next Morning) to know what the Matter was in her Chamber: But *Calista*, who till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in order, and taken up my cloaths, and put them between her Bed and Quilt; not forgetting any one thing that belong'd to me, she was laid as fast asleep as innocence it self, so that *Cla-*

rinau

rinau awaking her, ſhe ſeem'd as ſurpriz'd and ignorant of all, as if ſhe had indeed been innocent; ſo that *Dormina* now remain'd the only ſuſpected Perſon; who being ask'd what ſhe cou'd ſay concerning that Uproar ſhe made, ſhe only ſaid, as ſhe thought, that ſhe dream'd his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and awaking in a Fright, ſhe found 'twas but a Dream; and ſo ſhe fell aſleep again till he wak'd her, whom ſhe wonder'd to ſee there at that Hour; he told 'em that while they were ſecurely ſleeping he was like to have been burn'd in his Bed, a piece of his Apartment being burn'd down, which caus'd him to come thither; but he made them both ſwear that there was no body in the Chamber of *Caliſta*, before he wou'd be undeceived, for

he vow'd he saw something in the Garden, which, to his thinking was all in White, and it vanish'd on the sudden behind the Fountain, and we cou'd see no more of it. *Calista* dissembled abundance of Fear, and said she wou'd never walk out after Candelight for fear of that Ghost; and so they past the rest of the Night, while I, all wet and cold got me to my Lodging, unperceiv'd, for my young Friend had left the Door open for me.

Thus, dear *Octavio*, I have sent you a Novel, instead of a Letter, of my first most happy Adventure, of which I must repeat thus much again, that of all the Enjoyments I ever had, I never was so perfectly well entertain'd for two hours, and I am waiting with infinite impatience a second Encounter. I shall be extreamly glad to hear

hear what progreſs you have made in your Amour, for I have loſt all for *Silvia*, but the Affection of a Brother, with that natural Pity we have for thoſe we have undone; for my Heart, my Soul and Body are all *Caliſta*'s, the Bright, the Young, the Witty, the Gay, the fondly Loving *Caliſta*: Only ſome reſerve I have in all for *Octavio*. Pardon this long Hiſtory, for 'tis a ſort of acting all ones Joys again, to be telling 'em to a Friend ſo dear as is the Gallant *Octavio* to

Philander.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhou'd for ſome Reaſons that concern my ſafety have quitted this Town before, but I am chain'd

chain'd to it, and have no ſence of danger while *Caliſta* compels my ſtay.

If *Octavio*'s Trouble was great before from but his fear of *Caliſta*'s yielding, what muſt it be now, when he found all his Fears confirm'd, the Preſſures of his Soul were too extream before, and the concern he had for *Silvia* had brought it to the higheſt Tide of Grief; ſo that this addition o'erwhelm'd it quite, and left him no room for Rage; no, it could not diſcharge it ſelf ſo happily, but bow'd and yielded to all the extreams of Love, Grief, and ſence of Honour; he threw himſelf upon his Bed, and lay without Senſe or motion for a whole Hour, confus'd with thought, and divided in his concern, half for a Miſtreſs falſe, and half for a Siſter looſe and undone;

done; by turns the Sister and the Mistress torture; by turns they break his Heart: he had this comfort left before, that if *Calista* were undone, her ruin made way for his Love and Happiness with *Silvia*, but now—he had no Prospect left that cou'd afford any ease, he changes from one sad Object to another, from *Silvia* to *Calista*, then back to *Silvia*, but like to feverish Men, that toss about here and there, remove for some relief, he shifts but to new pain, where e'er he turns he finds the mad man still; in this distraction of thought he remain'd till a Page from *Silvia* brought him this Letter: Which in midst of all, he started from his Bed with excess of Joy and read.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

AFter your laſt Affront by your Page, I believe it will ſurpriſe you to receive any thing from *Silvia* but Scorn and Diſdain: But, my Lord, the int'reſt you have by a thouſand ways been ſo long making in my heart, cannot ſo ſoon be cancell'd by a Minutes Offence, and every Action of your life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have receiv'd, at leaſt you are not well in your Senſes: I have committed a fault againſt your Love, I muſt confeſs, and am not aſham'd of the little cheat I put upon you in bringing you to Bed to *Antonett* inſtead of *Silvia*: I was aſham'd

to

to be ſo eaſily won, and took it ill your paſſion was ſo mercenary, to aſk ſo courſely for the poſſeſſion of me; too great a pay I thought for ſo poor Service, as rend'ring up a Letter, which in Honour you ought before to have ſhew'd me: I own I gave you hope, in that too I was Criminal; but theſe are Faults that ſure deſerv'd a kinder puniſhment than what I laſt receiv'd——A Whore——A common Miſtreſs! Death, you are a Coward—And even to a Woman dare not ſay it, when ſhe confronts the Scandaller,——Yet pardon me, I meant not to revile, but gently to reproach; it was unkind—at leaſt allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio*.

I think I had not troubled you, my Lord, with the leaſt Confeſſion of my Reſentment, but I cou'd

cou'd not leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Converſation and Friendſhip alone I have remain'd ſo long without acquitting my ſelf of thoſe Obligations I had to you; I ſend you therefore the Key of my Cloſet and Cabinet, where you ſhall find, not only your Letters, but all thoſe Preſents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your Friendſhip, I render you the leſs valuable Trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio* than the dear memory of that part of his Life that was ſo agreeable to the unfortunate

Silvia.

He finiſh'd this Letter, reading with Tears of tender Love; but conſidering it all over, he fancy'd ſhe

ſhe had put great Conſtraint upon her natural high Spirit, to write in this calm manner to him, and through all he found diſſembled Rage, which yet was viſible in that one breaking out in the middle of the Letter: He found ſhe was not able to contain at the Word Common Miſtreſs: in fine, however calm it was, and however deſign'd, he found, at leaſt he thought he found the charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the Hint ſhe gave him of the change of *Antonett* for her ſelf in Bed, that it was ſome new cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring her ſelf off with Credit: Yet in ſpight of all this appearing Reaſon, he wiſhes, and has a ſecret Hope, that either ſhe is not in fault, or that ſhe will ſo cozen him into a belief ſhe is not, that it may ſerve as well

to

to ſooth his willing Heart; and now all he fears is, that ſhe will not put ſo neat a Cheat upon him, but that he ſhall be able to ſee through it, and ſtill be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But Love return'd, ſhe had rous'd the Flame a-new; and ſoftned all his rougher Thoughts with this dear Letter, and now in haſte he calls for his Cloaths, and ſuffering himſelf to be dreſs'd with all the Advantage of his Sex, he throws himſelf into his Coach, and goes to *Silvia*, whom he finds juſt dreſs'd *en Chavalier*, (and ſetting her Hat and Feather in good order, before the Glaſs) with a deſign to depart the Town, at leaſt ſo far as ſhould have rais'd a concern in *Octavio*, if yet he had any for her, to have follow'd her: he ran up without asking leave, into her Chamber,

and

and e'er she was a-ware of him, threw himself at her Feet, and clasping her Knees, to which he fixt his Mouth; he remain'd there for a little space without Life or Motion, and press'd her in his Arms as fast as a dying Man. She was not offended to see him there, and he appear'd more lovely than ever he yet had been: His Grief had added a languishment and paleness to his Face; which sufficiently told her he had not been at ease while absent from her; and on the other side *Silvia* appear'd ten thousand times more charming than ever; that Dress of a Boy adding extreamly to her Beauty: *Oh you are a pretty Lover*, said she, raising him from her Knees to her Arms, *to treat a Mistress so for a little innocent Raillery.—Come sit and tell me how you came to discover the harmless*

harmleſs cheat; ſetting him down on the ſide of her Bed: *Oh name it no more!* cry'd he, *let that damned Night be blotted from the year, deceive me, flatter me, ſay you are innocent, tell me my Senſes rave, my Eyes were falſe, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any thing that may convince my madneſs, and bring me back to tame adoring Love. What means* Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, ſure he is not ſo nice and ſquemiſh a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming ſo prepar'd for Love; tho it was not ſhe whom he expected; it might have ſerv'd as well i'th' dark at leaſt. Well ſaid,* reply'd *Octavio*, forcing a Smile —*advance, purſue the dear deſign, and cheat me ſtill, and to convince my Soul; oh ſwear it too, for Women want no Weapons of Defence, Oaths, Vows, and Tears, Sighs,*

Sighs, Imprecations, Ravings, are all the Tools to fashion mankind Coxcombs: I am an easie fellow, fit for use, and long to be initiated Fool, come swear I was not here the other Night. 'Tis granted, Sir, you were: Why all this Passion? This *Silvia* spoke and took him by the hand, which burnt with raging Fire; and though he spoke with all the heat of Love, his Looks were soft the while as infant *Cupids*: still he proceeded, *Oh charming* Silvia, *since you are so unkind to tell me truth, cease, cease to speak at all, and let me only gaze upon those Eyes that can so well deceive: Their Looks are innocent, at least they'll flatter me, and tell mine that they lost their Faculties that other Night. No,* reply'd *Silvia, I am convinc'd they did not, you saw* Antonett——*Conduct a happy Man* (interrupted he) *to* Silvia's

via's *Bed, oh why by your Confession muſt my Soul be tortur'd o'er anew*! at this he hung his head upon his Boſom, and ſigh'd, as if each Breath would be his laſt, *Heavens!* cry'd *Silvia, What is't* Octavio *ſays, conduct a happy Lover to my Bed! by all that's Sacred I am abus'd, deſign'd upon to be betrayed and loſt; what ſaid you Sir, a Lover to my Bed!* When he reply'd in a fainting Tone, claſping her to his Arms, *Now*, Silvia, *you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to couzening ſtill—Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as e'er I ſaw your Falſhood, and ne'er will loſe one thought upon it more. Forbear*, ſaid ſhe, *you'll make me angry: In ſhort, what is it you wou'd ſay? or ſwear you rave, and then I'll pity what I now deſpiſe, if you can think me falſe.* He only anſwered with a ſigh,

ſigh, and ſhe purſu'd, *Am I not worth an anſwer; tell me your Soul and Thoughts, as e'er you hope for Favour from my Love, or to preſerve my Quiet. If you will promiſe me to ſay 'tis falſe*, reply'd he ſoftly, *I will confeſs the Errors of my Senſes. I came the other Night at twelve, the Door was open——'Tis true*, ſaid *Silvia——At the Stairs-Foot I found a Man, and ſaw him led to you, into your Chamber; ſighing as he went, and panting with impatience: Now*, Silvia, *if you value my repoſe, my life, my reputation, or my ſervices; turn it off handſomly, and I'm happy*: At that, being wholly amaz'd, ſhe told him the whole ſtory, as you heard, of her dreſſing *Antonett*, and bringing him to her; at which he ſmil'd, and beg'd her to go on——She fetcht the pieces of *Brilliard*'s counterfeit Letters, and ſhew'd him;

this

this brought him a little to his Wits; and at first sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him, he found the Character his, but not the Business; and in great amaze reply'd, - *Ah Madam, did you know* Octavio's *Soul so well, and cou'd you imagine it capable of a thought like this? A Presumption so dareing to the most awful of her Sex; this was unkind indeed: And did you answer 'em? Yes*, reply'd she, *with all kindness I cou'd force my Pen to express.* So that after canvasing the matter, and relating the whole Story again with his being taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Brilljard* was the Man; for *Antonett* was call'd to Councel; who now recollecting all things in her mind, and knowing *Brilljard* but too well; she confess'd she verily believ'd it was he

he, especially when she told how she stole a Letter of *Octavio*'s for him that day, and how he was ill of the same Disease still. *Octavio* then call'd his Page, and sent him home for the Note *Brilljard* had sent him, and all appear'd as clear as day: But *Antonett* met with a great many Reproaches for shewing her Ladies Letters, which she excus'd as well as she cou'd: But never was Man so ravish'd with Joy as *Octavio* was at the knowledge of *Silvia*'s innocence; a thousand times he kneel'd and beg'd her Pardon, and her Figure encouraging his Caresses: a thousand times he imbrac'd her, he smil'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd with Love and Joy, and knew not how to express it most effectually: And *Silvia*, who had other business than Love in her heart and head, suffer'd all the

marks of his eager Paſſion and Tranſport, out of deſign, for ſhe had a farther uſe to make of *Octavio*; tho' when ſhe ſurvey'd his Perſon handſom, young, and adorn'd with all the Graces and Beauties of his Sex, not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgment but that of *Silvia*; when ſhe conſider'd his Soul, where Wit, Love, and Honour equally reign'd, when ſhe conſults the excellence of his Nature, his Generoſity, Courage, Friendſhip, and Softneſs, ſhe ſigh'd and cry'd, 'twas pity to impoſe upon him; and make his Love, for which ſhe ſhou'd eſteem him a Property to draw him to his ruine, for ſo ſhe fancy'd it muſt be if ever he encounter'd *Philander*; and tho good Nature was the leaſt Ingredient that form'd the Soul of this fair Charmer,

mer, yet now she found she had a mixture of it, from her concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her so many soft Vows, and tender Protestations of the Respect and Awfulness of his Passion, that she was wholly convinc'd he was her Slave, nor could she see the constant Languisher pouring out his Soul and Fortune at her feet, without suffering some warmth about her Heart, which she had never felt, but for *Philander*; and this Day she express'd her self more obligeingly than ever she had done: and allows him little Freedoms of approaching her with more softness than hitherto she had; and absolutely charm'd, he promises lavishly and without reserve, all she would ask of him; and in requital she assured him all he could wish or hope, if he

would serve her in her Revenge against *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the Story of her undoing, her Quality, her Fortune, her nice Education, the care and tenderness of her Noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedless youth: Sometimes the reflection on her Ruine, she looking back upon her former Innocence and Tranquility, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Ostavio* sigh and weep by Sympathy: Sometimes (arriv'd at the Amorous part of her Relation, she would sigh and languish with the remembrance of past Joys, in their beginning Love;) and sometimes smile at the little unlucky Adventures they met with, and their Escapes; so that different Passions fill'd her Soul while she spoke, while that of all Love

fill'd

fill'd *Octavio's*: He doats, he burns, and every Word she utters inflames him still the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her Face, and every thing she says, raises his vast Esteem and Passion higher. In fine, having with the Eloquence of sacred Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Passion finish'd her moving Tale, they both declin'd their Eyes, whose falling Showers kept equal time and pace, and for a little time were still as thought: When *Octavio*, oppress't with mighty Love! broke the soft silence, and burst into extravagance of passion, says all that men (grown mad with love and wishing) cou'd utter to the Idol of the Heart; and to oblige her more recounts his Life in short; wherein, in spight of all his Modesty,

ſhe found all that was Great and Brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate, and Honeſt: And having now confirm'd her, he deſerv'd her, kneeling implor'd ſhe would accept of him, not as a Lover for a Term of Paſſion, for dates of Months or Years, but for a long Eternity; not as a Rifler of her Sacred Honour, but to defend it from the cenſuring World; he vow'd he would forget that ever any part of it was loſt, nor by a Look or Action e'er upbraid her with a Misfortune paſt, but ſtill look forward on nobler Joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Prieſt to tie the ſolemn Knot: in ſpight of all her Love for *Philander*, ſhe cou'd not chuſe but take this offer kindly; and indeed it made a very great impreſſion on her Heart, ſhe knew nothing but the height of Love could

could oblige a Man of his Quality and vaſt Fortune, with all the advantages of Youth and Beauty, to marry her in ſo ill Circumſtances; and paying him firſt thoſe Acknowledgments that were due on ſo great an Occaſion, with all the Tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes that ſhe could put on; ſhe excus'd her ſelf from receiving the Favour, by telling him ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful Man; and falling at that thought into new Tears, ſhe mov'd him to infinite Love; and infinite Compaſſion; in ſo much that wholly abandoning himſelf to Softneſs, he aſſur'd her, if ſhe would ſecure him all his Happineſs by marrying him now, that he would wait till ſhe were brought to Bed, before he would demand the glorious Recompence

he aſpir'd to; ſo that *Silvia* being oppreſs'd with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent Paſſion for *Philander*, ſhe knew not how to take, or how to refuſe the Bleſſing offered, ſince *Octavio* was a Man, whom in her height of Innocence and Youth ſhe might have been vain and proud of engaging to this degree: He ſaw her pain and irreſolution, and being abſolutely undone with Love, delivers her *Philander's* laſt Letter to him, with what he had ſent her inclos'd; the ſight of the very out-ſide of it made her grow pale as Death; and a feebleneſs ſeiz'd her all over, that made her unable for a moment to open it; all which confuſion *Octavio* ſaw with pain; which ſhe perceiving recollected her thoughts as well as ſhe could, and opened it, and read it; that

to

to *Octavio* first, as being fondest of the continuation of the History of his Falshood, she read, and often paus'd to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every Period: and having finish'd it she fell down on the Bed, where they sate; *Octavio* caught her in her fall in his Arms, where she remain'd dead some Moments; whilst he just on the point of being so himself, ravingly call'd for help; and *Antonett* being in the dressing Room, ran to 'em, and by degrees *Silvia* recover'd, and ask'd *Octavio* a thousand Pardons for exposing a weakness to him, which was but the effects of the last blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonett* brought her, she rous'd, resolv'd, and took *Octavio* by the Hand: *Now*, said she, *shew your self that generous Lover you have profess'd, and give me your Vows of re-*

revenge on Philander, *and after that, by all that's Holy,* kneeling as she spoke, and holding him fast, *by all my injured Innocence, by all my Noble Fathers wrong, and my dear Mothers Grief; by all my Sisters Sufferings; I swear! I'll marry you, love you, and give you all!* This she spoke without considering *Antonett* was by, and spoke it with all the Rage and Blushes in her Face, that injured Love and Revenge could inspire: And on the other side, the Sense of his Sisters Honour lost, and that of the tender Passion he had for *Silvia*, made him swear by all that was Sacred, and by all the Vows of eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Silvia*, to go and revenge himself and her on the false Friend and Lover, and confess'd the second motive; which was his Sisters Fame; *For*, cry'd he

he, *that foul Adultreſs, that falſe* Caliſta, *is ſo allied to me.* But ſtill he urg'd that would add to the juſtneſs of his Cauſe, if he might depart her Husband as well as Lover; and revenge an injured Wife as well as Siſter; and now he cou'd ask nothing ſhe did not eaſily grant; and becauſe 'twas late in the day, they conclude that the Morning ſhall conſummate all his deſires: And now ſhe gives him her Letter to read; *For,* ſaid ſhe, *I ſhall eſteem my ſelf henceforth ſo abſolutely* Octavio's, *that I will not ſo much as read a Line from that perjured Ruiner of my Honour,* he took the Letter with Smiles and bows of Gratitude, and read it.

Philander

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere are a thouſand Reaſons, deareſt *Silvia*, at this time that prevents my writing to you, Reaſons that will be convincing enough to oblige my Pardon; and plead my Cauſe with her, that loves me, all which I will lay before you, when I have the Happineſs to ſee you; I have met with ſome Affairs ſince my arrival to this place, that wholly takes up my time, Affairs of State, whoſe Fatigues have put my Heart extreamly out of Tune, and if not carefully managed may turn to my perpetual Ruin, ſo that I have not an hour in a day to ſpare for *Silvia*; which, believe me, is the greateſt Affliction of my Life; and I have no

proſpect

prospect of Ease in the endless Toyls of Life, but that of reposing in the Arms of *Silvia*: Some short Intervals: Pardon my haste, for you cannot guess the weighty Business that at present robs you of

Your Philander.

You lye, false Villain —— reply'd *Silvia*, in mighty Rage, *I can guess your Business, and can revenge it too; curse on thee Slave, to think me grown as poor in Sense as Honour: To be cajol'd with this —— Stuff that would never sham a Chamber-Maid: Death! am I so forlorn, so despicable, I am not worth the pains of being well dissembled with? Confusion overtake him, Misery seize him, may I become his Plague while Life remains,*

or

or publick tortures end him: This, with all the Madneſs that ever inſpir'd a Lunatick, ſhe utter'd with Tears and violent Actions: When *Octavio* beſought her not to afflict her ſelf, and almoſt wiſh'd he did not love a Temper ſo contrary to his own: He told her he was ſorry, extreamly ſorry, to find ſhe ſtill retain'd ſo violent a paſſion for a man unworthy of her leaſt concern, when ſhe reply'd——*Do not miſtake my Soul, by Heaven 'tis Pride, Diſdain, Deſpight, and Hate——to think he ſhould believe this dull excuſe could paſs upon my Judgment, had the falſe Traytor told me that he hated me, or that his faithleſs date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my Injuries, but poorly thus to impoſe upon my Wit—— By Heav'n he ſhall not bear the Affront to Hell in Triumph! no*

more—

more—I've vow'd he shall not—my Soul has fix'd, and now will be at ease.—Forgive me, oh *Octavia*, and letting her self fall into his Arms, she soon obtain'd what she ask'd for, one touch of the fair Charmer could calm him into Love, and softness.

Thus, after a thousand Transports of Passion on his side, and all the seeming Tenderness on hers, the Night being far advanc'd, and new Confirmations given and taken on either side of pursuing the Happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again resolv'd, they appointed that *Silvia* and *Antonett* should go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* should meet 'em there to be confirm'd and secured of all the Happiness he

he propos'd to himself in this World —— *Silvia* being so wholly bent upon Revenge (for the Accomplishment of which alone, she accepted of *Octavio*,) that she had lost all remembrance of her former Marriage with *Brilljard*: Or if it ever entred into her Thought 'twas only consider'd as a Sham, nothing design'd but to secure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents; and, without any Respect to the Sacred Tie, to be regarded no more; nor did she design this with *Octavio* from any respect she had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Lust of Vengeance which she would buy at any Price; and which she found no Man so well able to satisfie as *Octavio*.

But

But what wretched Changes of Fortune ſhe met with after this, and a miſerable Portion of Fate was deſtin'd to this unhappy Wanderer; the laſt Part of *Philander*'s Life, and the Third and Laſt Part of this Hiſtory, ſhall moſt faithfully relate.

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